THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS

NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1862.

{ ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2156. }

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TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year,		$2,00
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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

HYMN OF FORBEARANCE.

BY FITZHUGH LUDLOW.

Oh! living were a bitter thing,
A riddle without reasons,
If each sat lonely, gathering
Within his own heart's narrow ring,
The hopes and fears encumbering
The flight of earthly seasons.

Thank God, that in life's little day,
Between our dawn and setting,
We have kind deeds to give away,
Sad hearts for which our own may pray,
And strength, when we are wronged, to stay,
Forgiving and forgetting.

Thank God for other feet that be
By ours in life's wayfaring;
For blessed Christian charity,
Believing when she cannot see,
Suffering her friend's infirmity—
Enduring and forbearing.

We all are travellers, who throng
A thorny road together;
And if some pilgrim not so strong
As I, but footsore, does me wrong,
I'll make excuse; the road is long,
And stormy is the weather.

What comfort will it yield the day
Whose light shall find us dying,
To know that once we had our way
Against a child of weaker clay,
And bought our triumph in the fray
With purchase of his sighing?

Most like our Lord are they who bear
Like Him long with the sinning;
The music of long suffering prayer
Brings angels down God's golden stair,
Like those through Olivet's darkened air,
Who saw our first beginning.

THE DEADLY AFFINITY.

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAPTER III.

NIGHT AND DAWN.

A few days after my interview with Doctor Walstein and his daughter, I learned from Holdsworth that they had left London for their house in Wales. This did not surprise me, as I had expected their departure; but I thought it rather strange that the doctor had neither written nor sent any message to me. If Fred had ever been really smitten with the charms of Minna Walstein, he was no longer so. I think that he could never get over the idea that she was deeply versed in chemical science. At all events, he never blushed now when her name was mentioned, and he had even the temerity to taunt me with having a *penchant* in that direction myself. Notwithstanding my energetic denials, he persisted in his assertions, so that I could almost have been angry, if it had not been for his constant good humor.

Very gradually there came over me a peculiar feeling, for which I tried vainly to account. I had only seen Minna Walstein on two occasions; but both these interviews were associated in my mind with that strange, subtle perfume of geranium leaves. At first, when I began to allow my recollection to dwell upon this scent, I thought of it with dislike. Very gradually, however, this feeling wore away, and I began to think of it with a strange unrest, and at last with a fierce sort of pleasure. I dreamt of it at night; I seemed to inhale with it a vital atmosphere, necessary for my existence. I soon lost all interest in my studies, and longed to be alone, so that I could let loose the reins of imagination and fancy. I became more and more reserved, and my mind became more morbid every day.

Every one with whom I met noticed an alteration in my appearance, and I could see that Fred Holdsworth was very solicitous about my health. But I was impatient at all notice, and preferred being left alone to my thoughts. On one occasion, however, he made a remark that called up a vague apprehension, since it corroborated a mysterious sensation which I had lately experienced. After telling me how pale and thin I looked, he said that there was a peculiar expression in my eyes—a sort of glittering, that reminded him of Doctor Walstein. The same idea had occurred to me of late, when looking at the mirror; but the glittering somehow reminded me of more of the eyes of Minna Walstein. He saw by my manner that I was annoyed, and did not allude to the subject again; but I could not forget it; and this new fancy, added to my morbid thoughts concerning the perfume, harassed me almost beyond endurance. A longing to breathe once more that scented atmosphere took possession of me; it seemed now an absolute necessity of my life. I could not, however, disconnect the remembrance of it from Doctor Walstein's poisonous experiments. Was that subtle perfume a poison? If so, what affinity had it with me, that I should feel thus strongly attracted towards it? Questions like these were continually recurring to me, and filled me with a mysterious foreboding.

The poisoned perfume—for such I had begun to consider it—haunted my dreams more than ever. Some of these dreams were almost too horrible to bear. I remember that, after one night of feverish and troubled sleep, I seemed to lie in a state between sleeping and waking in the gray dawn. The perfume appeared to steal into the air around, and suddenly something heavy, cold, and slimy seemed to pass slowly over my neck and cheek and cross my throat, down between my arm and breast. I knew, although I had not seen it, that it was a snake. I lay motionless, but in a dreadful agony of suspense. The slightest sound, the slightest movement, I thought, would be a signal for the deadly fangs of the reptile. At last it seemed that, roused by the warmth, the creature was uncoiling itself, and soon I felt it repass across my throat, and in the dim light I thought I saw the green head of a Cobra di Capello, with its hood distended, rising close before my face. The glittering eyes flashed brilliantly, but, strangely enough to me, they seemed to be the eyes of Minna Walstein! I awoke with a scream, but the dream was too vivid to pass away. I was trembling with terror. It was then that the idea first rose to my mind,—Why not go to Wales and see this old man, and there learn from himself what truth there might be in the vague fears that beset me? The thought no sooner occurred to me, than it superseded all others. I determined to lose no time, but to set out as soon as possible for Wales.

I knew where the doctor lived; he had spoken to me of his house on several occasions. It was called Pwlldu, or Black-pool House, and was situated somewhere in the wild region of Gower. I made my arrangements for leaving during the day, not even telling my intention to Fred. As soon as I had made up my mind to undertake this journey, I felt drawn and attracted in the direction I had fixed upon, by an almost resistless force. It seemed the one great object of my life. I was as careless of the future as I was utterly forgetful of the past. I thought only of breathing once more that strange atmosphere,—of meeting once more that old man whom I hated,—and of seeing again the serpent-glitter of his daughter's eyes.

I remember very little of my journey. I arrived about eleven at night in the little town of ———. Late as it was, I procured a carriage, and was soon hurrying forward at a good pace to Pwlldu House, some ten miles distant.

The carriage was obliged to stop at a little village, where I had to knock up the inmates of a small inn, who instructed me as to my road to the house. It was down by the cliffs, close to the sea, and as there was only a footpath, I paid off the coachman, who drove back to ———, and I proceeded on my lonely walk to Pwlldu House.

There was sufficient light from the stars to enable me to see my way, but I believe that if there had been such darkness as might have been felt, I would have gone unerringly on my path.

I was approaching the cliffs, for the mournful monotonous sound of falling waves met my ears, and I found that I was advancing upon a dark grove of trees, through which lights glimmered. I passed through a small gate and under the trees, until I met with a gravel path that led up to the door of a large and substantial looking house. The hall door was open, and in the light stood Doctor Walstein, dressed in the coarse blouse and velvet skull-cap that I had seen him wear in the laboratory, when I first met him.

"Ah, you are here at last,—I have been expecting you," he said, holding out his hand.

I grasped it eagerly, and in an instant was conscious of a strange feeling of relief. The very touch of his hand, and the sound of his voice, seemed to bring to me a feeling of calm and security. He took my valise from me and led me within, and as I stood talking with him in a cheerfully lighted room, all the bitter, heart-burning questions which I had intended to ask vanished into air. The moment that I stepped within his door my anguish and suspense disappeared; I felt all the soft and soothing sensation of a condemned prisoner's sudden release. I was treated by Doctor Walstein as an invited guest, and I made no effort to influence his treatment. The perfect rest and composure of my mind was delicious, after the agony that I had endured, and I would not allow even conscience to whisper to me a word of warning.

After showing me to my apartment he informed me that, fancying I had not dined during my journey, he had caused a slight repast to be prepared. Would I join him even at that late hour? I acquiesced at once, and in a short time he rejoined me, having altered his dress. We descended together.

Subtle, crafty fiend! I thought I saw that hideous grim smile on his face, but I put my arm through his, and walked with him in all good faith. Subtle, crafty fiend! Another day to wait, and it might have been too late. Had I known his devil's cunning, I would have strangled him then and there, old man though he was.

We passed across the entrance-hall, and along a passage, at the end of which was the evil-faced servant, still dressed in black, who opened the door for us. I was not in a very observant condition at the moment of which I am writing, but I could not help being struck with the appearance of the room which we entered. The walls were covered with dark green paper, on which was a scroll work of gold, composed, seemingly, of cabalistic characters. A soft carpet, of a deep, rich purple, covered the floor; and the further end of the room was concealed by a heavy green velvet curtain. In the centre of the room was a table, on which a *recherche* little banquet was laid out. The apartment was lighted by one lamp, which hung from the ceiling, and cast a bright but soft and even light around. The prevalence of green and gold, for even the crystal and porcelain on the table had these hues predominating, and the cabalistic golden scroll, affected me at first, but as my host sat down and invited me to sit opposite to him, all feeling except that of repose and relief left me. I had had no appetite all day, but now I was hungry, and did full justice to the repast before me. The evil faced servant only appeared now and then, to remove the dishes, and the doctor spoke very little, seeing that I was busily engaged. At last the meal was over, and the servant removed everything but the wine. There were several kinds of wine, and crystal goblets of antique shape, on the table. There was also a small gold flask, beautifully chased, the top being closed with a clasp, in which a large emerald was set.—This flask stood on the doctor's right hand, but was not opened.

My companion's conversation was as interesting and fascinating as ever for me, and I listened to him in a dreamy state of pleasure. The influence of the wine, the soft light and the strange gold characters on the wall, produced a feeling of calm excitement (if I may use the term) that I wish could last forever.

The velvet curtain, which concealed one end of the room, was behind me, and I sat facing the old man, listening once more to his wild and fanciful speculations. My mind was in a perfect state of rest and security, and I was not startled—not a muscle moved nor a nerve quivered—when I was conscious that the mysterious perfume was gradually pervading the air and stealing around me. My eyes were fixed upon the doctor's face, and I saw him while still looking at me and talking to me, stretch out his hand, and take hold of the flask with the emerald clasp. He opened it mechanically, still looking at me, and pushed it across the table in my direction; signalling to me, at the same time, to take it. I did so, and following the direction of his eyes, I looked behind me. The heavy green curtain was opened in the centre, and Minna Walstein stood in the opening.

She was dressed in a soft white dress, which fell about her form in long graceful folds. Her beautiful golden hair was unbound, and rippled over her shoulders nearly to the ground, as she stood with her arms stretched out before her, gazing at her father, with a fixed expression of fear and anxiety. She was deadly pale, and moved forward slowly and hesitatingly, never by a single look acknowledging my presence. When she arrived at a few paces from where I sat, I observed that in one hand she carried a curious golden goblet, set with emeralds, and similarly fashioned to the flask which I held.

There was a dead silence. I glanced at the doctor; he rose and signalled to me to fill the goblet, which his daughter held from the flask. His eyes glanced fiercely under his white eyebrows, and I felt compelled to obey. Raising the flask and moving forward, I filled the gold goblet. The liquid was colorless, and limpid as water, but as I poured it out, I was conscious that the perfume in the air was growing more powerful and oppressive, every instant. I watched her raise the draught to her lips, and her eyes met mine for an instant. Suddenly the room seemed to swim before my eyes,—strains of wonderful, fairy-like music sounded in my ears,—my head throbbed violently, and I fell forward, and down at her feet.

* * * * *

It was broad daylight when I recovered from a long swoon. I was lying on a large sofa or couch, in an elegantly furnished room, with two large French windows, which were open to the ground, and led into a lovely garden outside. In front of one of the open windows was a writing-desk, on which were a number of papers, a semi-spherical steel hand-bell, and a row of stoppered phials in a rack, over the top of the desk. It was a beautiful day, not a cloud disturbed the serene blue of the sky, and far away I could see the ocean calm and unruffled, with here and there a small white sail gliding along, and the soft murmur of summer waves fell gently on my ears. Roses and jessamine seemed to clamber up the front of the house, for I could see some crimson blossoms of the former, and some of the little white stars of the latter, peeping round the sides of the open windows. But, I looked at everything apathetically. I was quite indifferent as to where I was or how I had chanced to get there. I felt as if I had been prostrated by an attack of fever for months, and was now only recovering, weak and worn out. I was so powerless (physically) that I felt unable to move a finger. I simply lay on the couch, gazing vapidly out of the windows, and then inactively round the room. I was alone. Then suddenly, like a shock of electricity, came the remembrance of the evening of my arrival at Pwlldu. All my former belief and blind confidence in Dr. Walstein flashed away in an instant, and nothing filled my mind but a feeling of intense hatred and horror of the man. But I was physically so weak that I had no more strength than an infant. I tried to rise, and succeeded, with difficulty, in raising myself on one arm, but the exertion was too much for me, I fell back stunned and fainting on the couch.

"Nine hours he has now been insensible; if he remains five more, then I know that my plans will succeed. Death and Life—Life and Death—how wondrously are ye linked together!"

These words were uttered in a low, distinct tone, and although I made no sign, I recognized the voice of Dr. Walstein. I kept my eyes closed and listened. He was evidently alone, for there was no response, and I could hear the sound of his pen as he wrote rapidly at his desk. I have before said that I felt powerless; but as I lay there, with closed eyes, I began to perceive with joy that my mind had really assumed a stronger and healthier tone. I began now to see that this old man, for some purposes unknown to me, had been employing me as a subject on which to try some of his diabolical experiments. By some process of mesmerism or animal magnetism he had led me on involuntarily step by step, until I had become entirely subject to his power. I resolved to make a determined resistance against any further proceedings on his part. In the meantime, I made up my mind to remain still and passive. The Doctor evidently believed that I was still insensible, and I wished him to remain in that belief, and I lay there, listening intently, in case anything might be said by the old man that might enlighten me with regard to his intentions regarding myself.

I don't know how long I had lain in this state, when it suddenly dawned upon me that the subtle perfume of geranium leaves was, and had been, lingering about me, ever since I had regained consciousness. On assuring myself of this fact, a feeling of terror came over me which is impossible to describe. However, I rallied, and endeavored calmly to reflect on every circumstance that had characterized my intercourse with Dr. Walstein and his daughter. I then remembered that I had never noticed the perfume except when Minna Walstein was present. I felt perfectly assured that she was not in the room, before the Doctor came in, and even now I was convinced that she was not near me. Like a lurid gleam of lightning an idea flashed across my mind—an idea that filled me with horror and dismay.

The perfume existed in my own breath!

I shuddered from head to foot, and gave an involuntary cry.

Still I had enough presence of mind to keep my eyes closed, for I felt that if I met that piercing glance of Dr. Walstein, he would once more control my senses and my will, and compel me to act as he desired. As I uttered the short, sharp cry of agony which I have referred to, I was conscious that he had risen from his chair, and was watching me intently. He uttered a few impatient syllables, and then struck sharply two or three times upon the steel bell. Some one entered the apartment almost immediately afterwards. I presumed that it was the evil-faced servant.

"Your young mistress—where is she, Cosmo?" said the Doctor, rapidly.

"Miss Walstein went out nearly two hours ago, sir, and I believe that she has gone down to the beach—I saw her take the path that leads down to the cliffs."

"Run at once, Cosmo—find her, and tell her to come to me. I want her immediately. Haste!"

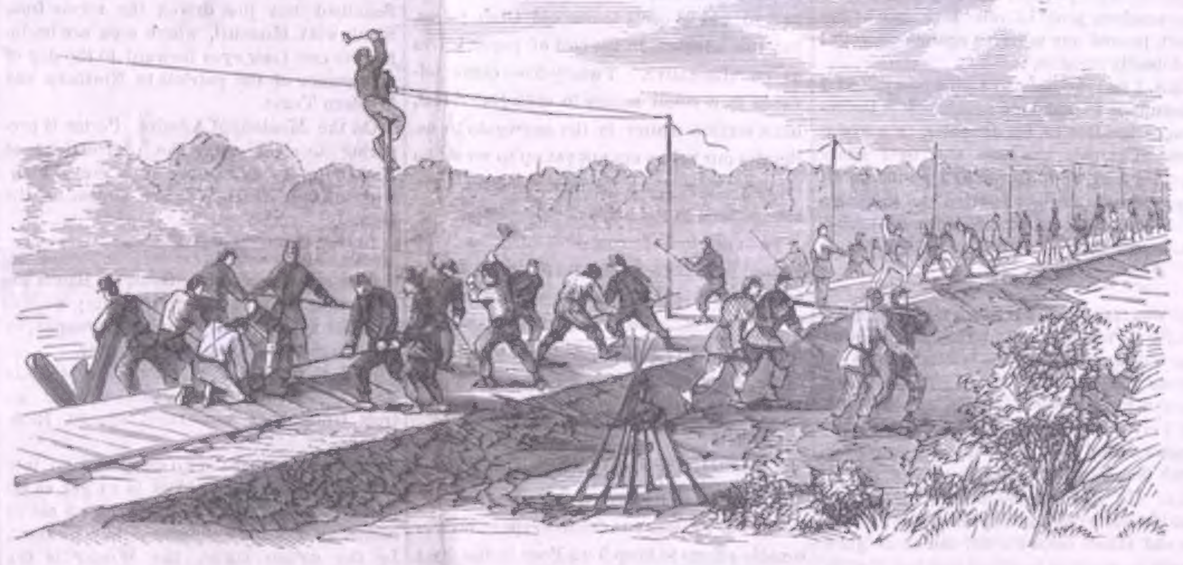
The servant left the room, and I was aware that the old man was pacing rapidly to and fro in the lower part of the room, and from his expressions of impatience I learned that he was very anxious for his daughter's return. Still, he neither came near me, nor addressed me. This perplexed me. I had an unaccountable impression that he was afraid of me. And yet it seemed absurd that he should fear one whose strength was so far gone, that it was with an effort he kept his eyes closed. Nevertheless, the belief that he was afraid to approach me grew stronger and stronger every instant. What was the cause of his fear? How I tried to drive back the thought that insidiously crept upon me! How I tried to prevent its passing even as a shadow across my brain! That perfume—that deadly perfume in my breath! Had this old man—I had heard of such a thing—by his fiendish acts, contrived to assimilate that poisonous vapor with my being, so that he was afraid to approach the finished object of his design? I tried to banish the thought, but gloom and dismay made my heart sink within me.

Nearly half an hour passed away, and I became aware that Dr. Walstein's impatience was increasing. He vented his rage in sullen, muttered curses at the delay of his servant and daughter. It appeared to me that he was afraid to leave me out of his sight, and at the same time, was afraid to come near me. At last he stopped suddenly, as it seemed to me, near one of the open windows, and spoke:

"Charles Haughton, I know that you are conscious, and have been so, for a considerable time. For some reason, known only to yourself, you have declined to speak to me, or even to look towards me. I say nothing of the ingratitude you display in not acknowledging the services rendered to you by my daughter and myself. You have since last night been rescued by us from impending death. But putting that aside, I beg that you will rouse yourself and speak to me, or I cannot answer for the consequences."

Still he did not come near me. I now felt sure that he was afraid to approach me, and I remained fixed in the determination to keep motionless and silent. For some time the Doctor appeared to wait, expecting my answer; but at length, seeing that I was resolved not to speak, he again began to pace rapidly backwards and forwards, muttering impatiently at intervals. All that I could gather was, that he was anxious for the arrival of his daughter. It seemed, however, that his impatience was at length overcome, for after two or three wild outbursts of rage, he again addressed me, but in a different tone:

"Young man, you force me to speak, and to tell you the whole truth. For some time past, I have been endeavoring to subjugate and control your mind and will by the force of my own. I have succeeded. Listen to me—and force yourself to comprehend thoroughly what I mean. You are now, as much under my bidding and control as the action of my own muscles, and I defy you to move from the place where you now lie. I hope you are taking heed at what I say, for I wish you to understand what kind of a man you have to deal with. I am not only a student of the mysteries of Nature, but I worship Nature, and have no religion except science. I have no belief in what are called the feelings of the heart, they have, at least, never troubled my rest, and there are no such qualities as love and hate in me. I have often told you that in all my researches I have had one great object in view. In striving to reach that object, no obstacle has ever hindered my progress. Health, wealth, and laborious toil, have all served me in their turn. I did not hesitate for a moment, when I found it necessary to imbue the being—the system—the nature of my own daughter with an essence, the fatal nature of which, makes her a living poison. Ah! you may start—but it is not the first time, that the thought has passed through your mind. And yet, blind fool that you were, you sat almost by her side the first time you ever spoke to her, and drank in eagerly with every respiration, that deadly essence. I say that you were a blind fool—for if you had glanced at the flower in your breast, you would have seen it withering before your eyes. You, perhaps, wonder why I called you in—why I enticed you to inhale her poisonous breath. I will tell you. The woman's nature was giving way under the fierce ordeal through which it had to pass, for she not only breathed, but lived and fed on poisons! She was dying slowly and gradually. This did not serve my purpose. She was valuable to me, and I resolved that she should live. I have not studied the secrets of life and death in vain, and I had not long to seek before I met the man who could save



DESTRUCTION OF A RAILROAD TRACK.

The above, engraved expressly for THE POST from "Frank Leslie," represents a common scene in the present war, the destruction of railroad tracks by the soldiery. Both sides have learned by this time just the quickest way to do the most mischief.

my daughter's life, by taking upon himself half of her poisonous existence. The instant that I met with you, I fully comprehended your real nature and temperament, and knew that *I* could completely control your mental and physical powers. The only real difficulty that I had, was in getting the entire possession of your mind and reason. It was necessary that all remembrance and all thought of other subjects should be banished from your mind, and then I knew that I could infuse that deadly poison into your blood and breath. You may well shudder—but you know, only too well, how completely my scheme succeeded. You know how thoroughly you emptied your mind of every other idea, and how absolutely you gave yourself over to myself and my daughter, and the subjects which we discussed. But this is wearisome. Last night my work was accomplished. When, under the influence of that potent perfume you filled Minna Walstein's goblet and met the glance of her eyes you completed my design—my daughter's life was saved, and I have now two living poisons to assist me in, what you may call, my ambitious aims. Look calmly, if you can, at your fate—you will poison and kill every living creature you come in contact with, except my daughter Minna. Her you cannot hurt, and there can be no affinity between you and anyone else in the world. I quote your own theory. As she is of my own flesh and blood, I soon discovered a mode by which I could approach her with impunity, but you are different. I feel that it might be fatal to me if I came near you. But it is still possible that you do not believe me. I am unable to approach nearer to you than where I stand, but I break off this rose from the trellis, and fling it to you. If you wish proof of what I say raise it to your lips and watch the result."

I heard the flower fall on the carpet beside the couch, but I did not move, I scarcely breathed. The terrible words that he had just uttered confirmed the vague apprehension that I had formed, and I felt more dead than alive. Still through all I had an overpowering belief that my only chance of safety depended upon my silence, and upon guarding my eyes from his basilisk gaze.

The doctor seemed to wait for a movement on my part for some time, but, seeing that I made no sign, he again spoke:

"I have tried to show you your utter powerlessness, and have pointed out your only hope. I now appeal to other feelings. I fear that your obstinacy and indifference may seriously affect my daughter. Her life now depends upon yours, and I know not how your present disposition may affect her being. At this very moment—"

While he spoke I heard a voice far down in the garden, calling to the doctor to come at once, for the love of Heaven. I recognized the voice of Cosmo, the servant. Doctor Walstein muttered an oath and called out from the window that he could not come.

"But, master, master, you must come!" said Cosmo, as he came up to the house; the young lady—Miss Minna—is dying down yonder among the rocks by the sea-shore."

"Dying, do you say?"

"Yes; she is weaker and more prostrate than she was even yesterday. When I approached her where she lay, among the wet shingle and sea-weed of the rocks, she waved me back, saying, 'Do not come near me, but tell my father to come to me at once. I am dying. Tell him also that he is deceived in young Haughton, he only thinks of me with loathing—the thoughts of his heart are elsewhere.' Then she turned paler than before, and fell back fainting. I was afraid to go nearer, master, for you told me—"

"Silence, Cosmo! Return at once to your mistress, and keep watch until I come. I will be with you immediately."

I heard the sound of Cosmo's footsteps, as he ran through the garden towards the cliffs, and then Dr. Walstein's voice.

"We have had enough of this trifling, youngster. Your fate is in your own hands, and I am the only person who can save your life. It seems that I have miscalculated, and that you have not given your mind and reason so completely into my power as I had supposed. It would appear that, through the *rapport* which exists between my daughter and yourself, you are able to weaken the power of life in her. If this is the case, I warn you not to try that power too far, or it will be a fatal day for you. Will you answer me?"

I was silent; but through the still air, far away, could be heard the voice of Cosmo, calling for help piteously.

The doctor remained irresolute for a moment, and then hastened away in the direction of Cosmo's voice. I lay for some time without venturing to unclose my eyes; at length feeling assured that I was alone, I looked around. Was it all a dream? Were those cruel words, which I had heard, lies? The last remarks of the old man I cared nothing for—what were he and his daughter to me? But there on the floor beside me lay the rose that Doctor Walstein had thrown to me, and it was within reach. I picked it up languidly and carried it with difficulty to my mouth, and breathed upon it. Merciful heaven! It seemed as if I had held the flower over some corrosive acid. The petals shrank up—brown and black, and in a few seconds I held in my hand only a few twigs and withered leaves.

It was true. I was the hateful, poisonous wretch that the old man had depicted. I buried my face in my hands, and bitter, scalding tears filled my eyes. I thought of the dismal time that had passed, and my mad infatuation for the doctor and his daughter. How truly, as he said, I had emptied my mind of every other thought except of him and her. How I cursed my madness and folly. Then, as I lay there despairing, there came shining into the blackness of my thoughts the image of a sweet pale, face that I loved, and the tender glance of soft, dark, forgiving eyes. And then sweet, as the tinkling of fairy bells, came that strange warning, echoing back from long ago. Of what use was it to me to upbraid myself for not heeding it now? Of what good was it to me now to remember how often the recollection of it might have turned me from my perilous course? None. Yet why had I for one moment forgotten that loving heart that trusted so truly in me? * * One thing, however, I knew—forgetful I might have been—mad—foolish—but unfaithful to my love, never. As these thoughts passed through my tortured mind, I dashed my hands from my face and clenched them till my nails nearly entered the flesh. Heavenly powers! Was it possible my strength had returned? Could it be so, that as I had been rendered powerless by the thought of this old man and his hateful offspring, so now my strength was regained by the remembrance of Cousin Polly's pure and tender love? It must be so! I sprang from the couch, and as I did so a passing breeze swept through the room, and seemed to bear away with it the last traces of the poisonous perfume. I felt assured that the baneful vapors had left my breath, but to make doubly sure, I plucked a spray of jasmine and carried it hurriedly to my lips. My heart beat wildly with joy—the little white stars gleamed as brightly and healthfully as before. Ah, Cousin Polly, why did I ever forget you for a second?—but you had not forgotten me, for the precious jewel of your love, hid in my heart, proved my talisman against powerful and deadly enemies.

But I had no time to throw away, and I determined to make my escape before the return of the Doctor, his daughter, or his servant. Through bye-lanes and over slimy marshes and wild moorlands I wandered all day, and late at night I arrived at the town of ——, worn out with fatigue and excitement, and before morning I was delirious with fever.

* * * * *

It was some weeks before I recovered sufficiently to recognize Fred Holdsworth, who was waiting upon me, and through whose exertions my life was saved. From him I learned the history of events. He had noticed my change of manner, and when I disappeared from London he immediately conjectured that I had gone to visit Doctor Walstein. He still labored under the delusion that the doctor's daughter was my attraction. Several letters came for me, and as he grew uneasy he resolved to set out and find Pwildu House himself. When he arrived at ——, he put up at the same hotel where I was then prostrated with fever. He stayed with me, and nursed me as tenderly as any woman could have done, and he was there in daily expectation of the arrival of my uncle.

He did arrive in a few days, bringing with him Cousin Polly. I will not describe our meeting. Uncle Mark never heard this narrative,—he is long since dead; and Cousin Polly had been for years my loving little wife before I told it to her.

All that I ever heard again of Doctor Walstein was from Holdsworth, who told me that two nights after I escaped from the old man's clutches the scattered inhabitants of that part of Gower were startled at seeing a great conflagration at Pwildu House. When discovered, the building was burning in every part. There was little water in the neighborhood, and every now and then during the fire there were terrific explosions, which drove back those who tried to extinguish the flames or save any of the property. It was also said that dense fumes of a nauseous and poisonous character came from the flames, causing faintness and giddiness to those who inhaled them. The house was burned to the ground, and everything was destroyed. Nothing was ever seen of the inmates; but there was a report, never properly confirmed, that traces of human bones had been found among the charred and calcined debris.

A. G. G.

A MAD POETESS.

In that part of the Washington Asylum which is still devoted to its insane patients, Dr. Nicholas showed me a sight which was particularly touching to me. Cross-legged upon the round table in the centre of the room was seated a woman, perhaps thirty years of age, who had the remains of remarkable beauty—the finest of large, dark, wild eyes and features which, though ghastly pale, were exceedingly well cut and expressive. Her long, gray hair was dishevelled, and of her dress and appearance she evidently had not a thought: but, open upon her lap was a volume from which she was pretending to read aloud, making an unintelligible and incoherent gabble. By her side lay a volume of a novel of her own writing, with her own likeness as a frontispiece, and she had gone crazy as an authoress.

It was the daughter of the poet, Sumner Lincoln Fairfield, and she had started with great promise, publishing her first book in Boston. Both of her parents, it will be remembered, were of the over-imaginative class, and it proved that the two fold inheritance of the gift was too much. But what a pity is such an apparently unnecessary wreck of a lifetime of a beautiful girl! for I am told that her recovery is hopeless. The doctor said that, for seconds only, she regained her consciousness; and he asked me to address some remark to her. I did, observing that she must be very lonely, sometimes, in that unfurnished room. Her attention was arrested by a voice, and she started around and fixed her large, dark eyes upon me. "Yes," she said, "these asylums are the mournfullest of weary places." Alas for the head that is to go wild with over-endowings!—*Home Journal.*

☞ Aliens in the south seem to be losing faith in the Confederacy. On the 21st no less than 300 applied to the British consul for passports to go north.

☞ A Miss Buckner, recently arrested on her way into Virginia, wore a double decked bustle in which was hidden 300 ounces of quinine.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEM'R 22, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

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THE NEW YEAR.

Our readers will see by our Prospectus for 1863 that those who design making up Clubs for the next year should at once commence procuring names. We regret that we have had to add 25 cents to our old Club prices, but the advance in the cost of paper leaves us no alternative. Twenty-five cents advance is a small matter to each individual, but a serious matter in the aggregate to us. Besides our prices are not yet up to what the leading New York literary weeklies have always been in the habit of charging.

To our list of contributors, it will be noticed, we have added three distinguished names;—having made arrangements for articles during the coming year, from

MARION HARLAND, Author of "Alone," etc., etc.,

EDMUND KIRKE, Author of "Among the Pines,"

and VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

We trust these new engagements will manifest to our readers our desire to spare no reasonable efforts to keep THE POST in the front rank of the literary papers of the land.

In conclusion, we hope that our old subscribers will not hesitate to speak a good word for us whenever they properly can, and recommend THE POST to their neighbors and friends as a paper well calculated both to interest and to instruct its readers.

PURE WATER.

The inhabitants of the cities and towns of this portion of the world, may soon find themselves, unless they take warning, in the predicament of the "Ancient Mariner," who to believe the poet Coleridge, saw

"Water, water everywhere,
And not a drop to drink."

Such is the spread of manufacturing establishments, that they bid fair soon to pollute all the smaller streams and rivers in the eastern portion of the Union. The Schuylkill itself, we are inclined to believe, is by no means the pure stream it once was, and is living now merely upon its old reputation. While from Germantown and Wilmington come to us complaints of the quality of the water furnished the citizens of those places.

A manufacturer in Germantown, being brought up before the Court of Common Pleas to answer why an injunction should not be issued against him, confesses as follows:

George Streeper, in the employment of defendant from 1835 to 1856 as superintendent of the dyeing and scouring, said the materials employed in dyeing and scouring were those used in all similar establishments for the same purpose. *The mordants were solutions of iron, tin, and alum. The dyewoods were Lima wood, fustic, logwood, quercitron bark; the finishing also used bar dye, cochineal, cream of tartar, and sulphate of indigo, as dyestuff; the scouring was done with soap, or with soda and potash.*

There is a nice lot of drugs to combine with the dirt and grease of wool and mix into drink for thirsty men and women! And the same process is going on in nearly all our streams, big and little. The water of the Schuylkill itself, in a few years, if mill after mill is allowed to be erected upon its banks, probably will be unfit to drink; as the water of the Wissahiccon, from near Chestnut Hill down, is already.

Does it not become sensible men therefore, to take measures to appropriate the best and purest of what streams are left—if any such there be—for drinking water for the coming generations? San Francisco, young city as she is, brings her drinking water thirty miles. Philadelphia ultimately will either have to do something similar, or take measures to prevent further adulterations of the river Schuylkill, especially below the Falls. Germantown may probably be supplied from the Wissahiccon at Chestnut Hill—if there be no manufactories above that point, as we suppose, and the volume of water be sufficient. But now is the time, as it seems to us, to take measures in all our large towns and cities for the securing of an ample supply of pure water for the present and coming generations.

RECOGNITION.

The rebel press appear to have generally given up all hope of recognition. A Petersburg paper says:

"The ghost of the recognition of the Southern Confederacy by France and England, after having been solemnly evoked for the tenth time, has again been dismissed to the shades below, where we hope it will remain for the balance of the war. We are tired of the freakish reappearance of this phantom, and wish never to see it again paraded before the public eye."

Doubtless the recent unfavorable military prospects of the rebels have by no means elated them. They do not stand just now where they did a short time ago, menacing Pennsylvania and Ohio with invasion. It is curious, but, as the rebels themselves have said, the hot summer weather seems to be their auspicious period; while the Federal armies become imbued with fresh vigor the moment they begin to feel the cold and bracing winds of the Autumn months.

THE UNION ARMIES.

The fruits of the late call for six hundred thousand men are now plainly to be seen. The rebel advance has been turned back, and large Union armies are seeking to penetrate Rebeldom. In the West we have the following movements:—

General Rosecrans, with the army of the Ohio, is on his way south, through Middle Tennessee.

General Grant is moving down into Mississippi.

General Curtis is operating on the opposite bank of the great river, in Arkansas.

General McClernand is organizing his army with its face towards the Gulf.

General Granger is marching through Middle Kentucky.

General Cox is making headway from the Valley of the Kanawha towards Staunton.

Far away beyond any of these, General Schofield has just driven the rebels from South-west Missouri, where men are beginning to cast their eyes forward to the day of deliverance of the patriots in Northern and Western Texas.

On the Mississippi Admiral Porter is preparing to clear away the obstructions at Vicksburg, so as to open the great highway of the North-Western states to the Gulf.

In the East, General Foster is overseeing North Carolina.

General Hunter and General Banks are preparing for separate movements; we will suppose against Charleston or Savannah, or into Florida or Texas—who knows?

And the army of the Potomac is again pressing southward—for another, and we trust triumphant movement against Richmond.

It is evident there is no design to go into Winter quarters—the object is to get so far south before Winter as to render an active campaign not only endurable but pleasant. In the cotton states, the Winter is the healthiest and best season for the Northern troops.

GREECE AWAKING.

The recent revolution in Greece was one of "the neatest and completest," of which history bears record. King Otho and his Queen—his better half, by all accounts—left the capital for a visit on the 13th of October, and, in ten days, Athens was in possession of the revolutionists, Otho deposed, and a Provisional Government established. Otho, like a sensible man, who is able "to take a hint," immediately embarked for Venice, from which place he proceeded to Vienna.

Russia is supposed by some to be at the root of this rebellion—though the Greeks evidently wish for an intensely national, and probably for even an aggressive government, inspired by the thought of the old glory of their race, and their natural enmity to their Mahommedan despoilers. It is said that a party among them is in favor of offering the throne to young Prince Alfred of England,—but, as Alfred would not be apt to change his religion to that of the Greek Church, and as Russian influence is supposed to be paramount at Athens, we should think this proposition would not be apt to prevail.

The revival of Italy, now followed by indications of a similar revival of Greece—a resurrection, as it were, of dead nations; the two great nations of the ancient world—are among the wonderful events of this wonderful era in which we are living.

And why would not the growth of a great Grecian and Christian kingdom, in the place of Turkey, be the best and the most natural solution of that Turkish question which has so greatly exercised the jealous Powers of Europe?

THE DAILY PAPERS.

The *N. Y. Express* has raised its price from two to three cents a copy. The other daily papers of New York and Philadelphia probably will either follow suit or greatly reduce the size of their sheets. We made a calculation the other day, and found the advance in the cost of paper would make a difference to one of our daily contemporaries of about $75,000 a year!

Apropos to this subject, *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* alludes to the new practice of using cotton shoddy (made out of rags) in the manufacture of calico, and warns its readers as follows:

Already, the finer kinds of rags have risen very materially in price in consequence of their being in demand for this purpose. All who feel any interest in sustaining the integrity of British manufactures must regret this process of adulteration, which, we trust, will meet with earnest remonstrance and discouragement. It is proper, at all events, that the public should be on their guard against the deception.

OUR SEWING MACHINE OFFER.—We would call the attention of our lady readers in this and other cities, to the handsome premium of a Sewing Machine, offered in our Prospectus. Many of them, we think, could obtain thirty two-dollar subscribers among their acquaintances, and thus get a $45 Sewing Machine (Wheeler & Wilson's) for nothing. To those who want a machine, it might be worth an effort at the least.

☞ A traveller was lately boasting of the luxury of arriving late, after a hard day's journey, to partake of the enjoyment of a well-cut ham, and the left leg of a goose. "Pray, sir, what is the peculiar luxury of a left leg?" "Sir, to conceive its luxury, you must conceive that it is the only leg that happens to be left."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ORLEY FARM. A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, author of "North America," "Doctor Thorne," "Framley Parsonage," "The Bertrams," &c., &c. Illustrated by J. E. Millais. Published by Harper & Bros., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

Any reader who may by a "birthright membership" have acquired the right of attending the business meetings of the Society of Friends, must be familiar with the inquiry which is made at stated intervals as to whether "Friends are careful to restrain those under their care from the reading of pernicious books;" under which obnoxious epithet all works of fiction are promiscuously massed. Of late years, the answers to this query, as to most others which concern the minor points of discipline of this excellent people, have confessed more and more to a certain degree of backsliding in this matter; while the younger members themselves, impatient of the repetition of rebukes, begin to contest the point, and protest against the sweeping censure that condemns equally "The Bloody Rover of the Seas," or "The Bandit's Bride," and the best works of such writers as Scott, Dickens, Hawthorne, and Trollope.

No doubt the ancient worthies who framed these time-worn queries were justified in their condemnation of a domain of literature where, even a hundred years ago, the choice lay between the obscenities of Fielding and his cotemporaries, the supernaturalism of Mrs. Radcliffe, and the sentimental inanities of Mesdames Charlotte Smith and company; but all this is changed since then. Fiction, no longer content merely to amuse, now touches all the domains of ethics, philosophy, and metaphysics, and the office of the novelist becomes one of the most deeply responsible of all literary vocations. Especially is this so when the narrative professes to set before us, not the poet's ideal vision of the world that might be, but the woman's affection-biased view of a world where love is king and the other passions and sentiments mere subjects, but the real world that breathes and moves, enjoys and agonizes around us in the life of to-day.

Among these delineators of the actualities of life—to which this age tends more and more constantly—Anthony Trollope takes a prominent place. Little as his novels owe to the charm of plot and story, they cannot be accounted dull or commonplace while they introduce us to that inner life which is the true field of romance and poetry.

In "Orley Farm," the main incident on which the story turns is one of more tragic cast than is usual in Mr. Trollope's works. It deals with a crime which after the lapse of twenty years is discovered and brought to light. The crime—that of forgery—is a heavy one, yet so forcibly are the incentives which urged the criminal to the deed set before us, so touchingly is the agony depicted with which she expiates it, that we pity the sinner as much as we condemn the sin. There is no blinking the enormity of the wrong-doing in all this. That the evil must in all justice and right be thus expiated is a truth that is never lost sight of. And this is just the point where the moral worth of Mr. Trollope's works is most apparent. In the delineation of the mixed motives, the warring good and evil of the human mind, he is admirable, and he never teaches charity through a confusion of their boundaries. He never says, like Thackeray, "Remember, my friends, black is not so very black, and as to white—what white can be expected to keep its color in our climate?"—In this so-called charity lurks a most harmful sophistry, which the author of "Orley Farm" never indulges in. Black *is* black, and white *is* white, and these adverse principles are the doors through which we look upward and downward into the spiritual life, towards the angel and the demon between whom we make our choice. So we need not fear to indulge the pity we feel for poor Lady Mason, nor to wish her a calm evening after the terrible storm that shatters her.

The love-story that is woven through the darker threads of the narrative is very pleasing. Madoline is charming; indeed the whole Stavely family is almost equally good, though the Judge is our chief favorite. Lady Stavely's maternal tribulations with the son and daughter who will fall in love with the wrong persons are only comic, reminding us of those of a hen whose foster-children insist on betaking themselves to the water in spite of her. However, we quite share the good lady's distaste for that "nasty sly girl," Sophia Furnival.

Among the attractions of "Orley Farm" we must not omit to mention the illustrations by Millais, in which the dress and surroundings of our nineteenth-century life are made so picturesque and characteristic. In the female figures the very crinoline becomes expressive. And as this *is* the very quality in which Trollope himself excels, the drawings of Millais are the proper accompaniments to his text.

ANDRE DE TAVERNEY; or, The Downfall of French Monarchy. By ALEX. DUMAS. Two volumes. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

THE TWIN LIEUTENANTS; or, The Soldier's Bride. By ALEX. DUMAS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

☞ A good illustration of the old saying that "God helps those who help themselves," was recently afforded in the case of a western soldier, who was found wounded in the woods four days after the battle of Antietam. He had always said that he would never be caught in a battle without his "grub" and a canteen of water. Being at last disabled in the thigh and unable to walk, his well-stored haversack of crackers and supply of water served him at need, and dressing his wound with strips from his shirt, he quietly waited for some one to turn up. It was an unfrequented spot, but help at last came. He is now rapidly recovering.

☞ The rebels call the Federal General commanding at New Orleans, "Butler the Beast." They have felt his horns.

SNONEWALL JACKSON A POET.

FROM THE RICHMOND EXAMINER, NOV. 8.

Doubtless it will surprise many to learn that the inobtrusive and hardy warrior, Stonewall Jackson, is a poet of no little ability, and that among the busy scenes and arduous duties of camp he has found leisure to gratify his taste for the beautiful in literature. The following lines were written while Jackson was an artillery officer in Mexico, during the war between the United States and that country.

MY WIFE AND CHILD.

The tattoo beats—the lights are gone,
The camp around in slumber lies,
The night with solemn pace moves on,
The shadows thicken o'er the skies;
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, oh, dearest one,
Whose love my earthly life hath blest—
Of thee and him—our baby son—
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast.
God of the tender, frail and lone,
Oh, guard the tender sleeper's rest,

And hover gently, hover near
To her, whose watchful eye is wet—
To mother, wife—the doubly dear,
In whose young heart have freshly met
Two streams of love so deep and clear,
And cheer her drooping spirits yet.

Now, while she kneels before Thy throne,
Oh, teach her, Ruler of the skies,
That, while by Thy behest alone,
Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise,
No tear is wept to Thee unknown,
No hair is lost, no sparrow dies!

That thou canst stay the ruthless hands
of sickness, and soothe the pain;
That only by Thy stern commands
The battle's lost, the soldier's slain—
That from the distant sea or land
Thou bring'st the wanderer home again.

And when upon her pillow lone
Her tear-wet cheek is sadly prest,
May happier visions beam upon
The brightening current of her breast.
No frowning look nor angry tone,
Disturb the Sabbath of her rest.

Whatever fate those forms may show,
Loved with a passion almost wild—
By day—by night—in joy or wo—
By fears oppressed, or hopes beguiled,
From every danger, every foe,
Oh, God! protect my wife and child!

IRONSIDES AND GUNPOWDER.

The last experiments at Shoeburyness have only confirmed the anticipations of sagacious thinkers who have all along maintained that invulnerable iron ships are an impossibility, and that the days of wooden ships are not yet over. Mr. Whitworth has invented a hard-headed iron shell which, fired from a 12-pounder, completely riddles the iron sides of an ordinary gunboat. With a 70-pounder shell, a double target representing a section of a double-sided gunboat, was as effectually shattered; and it was demonstrated that even the *Warrior* could be sunk by one shot from the great 300-pounder Mersey gun. These are instructive facts, suggestive of many conclusions, of which one is, that to spend millions of money on iron ships before experiments are exhausted, is unwise; another, that the folly and wickedness of war are likely to become more and more costly.

A new kind of gunpowder has been tried at Frankfort. Its color is yellowish-brown, and in general appearance it resembles sawdust. The inventor is Mr. Shultz, captain of artillery in the Prussian service, and he is showing by experiment that this new powder is cheaper, lighter, more powerful than the ordinary sort; moreover, that even after thirty rounds, the gun remains as clean as at the commencement. The national shooting-matches afforded a good opportunity for trial of this new compound, of which the ingredients are not yet made public, and further experiments are making at Spandau by order of the Prussian government. It appears, too, that the Austrian authorities have been making experiments with gun-cotton, by cannonading one of their forts at Verona. The success at 600 and 1,000 metres is said to have been incontestable; and the impulsive force of the cotton as compared with powder is as nine to four.—*Chambers's Edinburg Journal.*

THE TRICK OF AN EXEMPT.

In New York, the other day, "a fashionably attired" fellow played upon the examining surgeon a trick. He made oath that he was subject to attacks of complete blindness, lasting from a few minutes to as many hours, and that he was most liable to these attacks after a full meal, though they often took place when he had eaten nothing for some time. His name was therefore placed on the exempt list. At the tea-table that evening, he astonished his wife by telling her that he had procured exemption on the ground of periodical blindness. Her astonishment was removed by his explanation that he was always *blind* when he was *asleep*. The pair were in high glee over the matter, but the servant, who overheard the conversation, took another view of the transaction, and her report of it has brought the too wide-awake somnolent genius to grief.

☞ A young lady went to Washington several weeks ago, to visit her husband who is in the army, and while stopping at a hotel, she observed that the blankets upon the bed had rather a familiar look, and on examination discovered her own name on the margin, and recognized them as some she had sent to her husband some time previous, but which he had never received.

☞ Why did Stuart's late incursion into Pennsylvania beat King Solomon? Because Solomon in all his glory, was not a *raid* like one of these!—*Boston Herald.*

MAJOR-GENERAL BURNSIDE.

Rev. Augustus Woodbury, Chaplain of the First Rhode Island Regiment, in his "Narrative of the Campaign of the Rhode Island First," pays a noble tribute to the character of Gen. Burnside, who entered the service as Colonel of this regiment. We quote a paragraph from Mr. Woodbury's book:—

"I need not speak of the religious character of our noble and beloved commander. Rarely did he seek his rest at night without engaging in acts of devotion. 'It was his custom at home,' he said, in his simple way, and he desired me to continue it with him. In our private conversations, he would speak with all the truthfulness of a child of his unwavering conviction that he and all his interests were in the care of Divine Love. Whatever might betide, God's mercy was sure. It seemed to me that a chaplain was hardly needed in our regiment. For the Colonel's daily life, so pure, so generous, so honorable, so brave, so thoroughly Christian, was more eloquent in its full-rounded completeness, and more winning and persuasive than any other sermon I have ever heard from mortal lips. The spirit of his character breathed through the camp, and almost imperceptible to ourselves, raised every man of us to a loftier plane of life and action.

"For courage, without rashness, for prudence, without fear, for a high minded generosity which frowned upon all petty jealousy and mean intrigue, for self-devotion to the interests of the state and country which reposed in him their confidence, and for self-sacrifice to this great cause of Liberty and Union, Col. Burnside was and is distinguished more than any man I have ever known. He sought from this service no personal glory, no mere military distinction, which has such charms for weaker men. He desired no pomp, no parade, no flattery, no preferment. He simply wished to do his duty to the men under his command; to the parents, sisters, wives and friends who had intrusted these precious lives to his keeping; to the state which had recognized his abilities and had sent him forth; to the country which needed his counsels and his arms; to God who has so richly endowed him with every quality that marks a man. How well he did his duty is known, and history will record.

"These were his public characteristics. To myself, who had the privilege of his confidence, his friendship and his private intercourse, his life was a daily wonder and a daily admiration. Every thought and every act was for the welfare of his regiment. By day and night his vigilance secured the comfort and happiness of his command. He marched on foot that he might measure the endurance of his men by his own. He lightened every hardship by sharing it with them. He diminished every danger by care for their safety. In every encampment, his own quarters were the last to be selected and the last to be prepared. It was his regiment first, himself last. Is it any wonder that we should love him with surpassing devotion? Let other and greener laurels encircle his brow, and let him wear even a loftier title than that which he now bears with equal modesty and faithfulness. He will be honored by us, to whom he was like a parent in his unselfish love, as our brave, simple-hearted, manly Colonel."

THE KANSAS BLACK TROOPS IN BATTLE.

LEAVENWORTH, Nov. 3, 1862.—The Kansas colored regiment had a fight with guerillas, commencing on Tuesday last and continuing several days, in which the blacks were victorious. The facts (as related to me by Lieut. Lyon, of Company A, First Kansas, colored) are as follows:—The rebels, under Jackman and Cockrell, occupied and held an island at the head of the Osage river at the junction of the Marl de zene and Mill Creek. These two combining form the Osage River near Butler, Bates county, Missouri.

At this point the Secesh keep a large quantity of stock guarded by these guerillas. Major Henning, commander of Fort Scott, and Provost Marshal of Southern Kansas, ordered from Fort Lincoln a detachment of the colored regiment, (the regiment is quartered at Fort Lincoln,) 160 men from the First, Col. Williams, and 70 men from the battalion of colored troops from Southern Kansas, under Capt. Leaman, making 230—all under Capt. Ward, acting commander of the regiment for the time being, the Colonel being absent.

Arriving at the island, they found about 400 guerillas. The blacks took possession of Tootman's house—a noted guerilla of that name residing there. They surrounded the house and yard with a wall of rails, and named it Fort Africa. The enemy were all mounted, and they made frequent attacks on the blacks. The guerillas were reinforced with 200 men, and the blacks sent to Fort Scott for reinforcements and ammunition. Meanwhile the 230 blacks were fighting the 600 secesh. Up to Thursday night seven blacks were killed and eight wounded. Capt. Crew, (white) of Company A, was killed, and his body was brought to Leavenworth yesterday. Lieut. Gardner, (white) the fighting Quaker, so called, was wounded, making eight killed and nine wounded on our side, and up to the same time from fifteen to twenty of the guerillas were killed. The number of wounded is not known to my informant.

On Thursday night the reinforcements from Fort Scott came on the ground, consisting of 150 cavalry and two pieces of artillery. The guerillas immediately commenced retreating to the island, and down the river. It was the intention to attack them on the island the next morning, and break up the nest. The final result I will send you when I get it. Thus the first black blood has been spilled in fighting with the enemies of the Union. I have several accounts from the scene of action, and they all agree that the blacks fought well—and not a single coward among them; but they were rather hard to handle and keep back, and they had to be held with a tight rein, like a pair of young, well-fed horses, anxious to go—and go at the guerillas!—*Exchange Paper.*

☞ The Prince of Wales attained his majority on Saturday, the 9th inst.

☞ The flash of lightning is nothing compared to the force of the moveless stars. The meeting of cloud with cloud, from which the thunder springs, is a trivial incident contrasted with the noiseless marriage of the earth with the sun, from which there comes forth life and all that gladdens it.—*Henry Giles.*

The Surrender of Harper's Ferry.

The Commission appointed to investigate the surrender of Harper's Ferry, was composed of the following members:—Major-Gen. D. Hunter, President; Major-Gen. G. Cadwalader, Brig.-Gen. C. C. Augur, Major Donn Piatt, Capt. F. Ball, and Col. G. Holt, Judge Advocate Gen.

The Commission say of Col. Ford, who commanded on Maryland Heights:—

"It is clear to the Commission that Col. Ford should not have been placed in command on Maryland Heights; that he conducted the defence without ability, and abandoned his position without sufficient cause, and has shown throughout such a lack of military capacity as to disqualify him in the opinion of the Commission, for a command in the service."

Col. Ford has been dismissed the service.

They say of Col. Miles, who is dead:—

"The Commission has approached a consideration of this officer's conduct in connection with the surrender of Harper's Ferry with extreme reluctance. An officer who cannot appear before any earthly tribunal to answer or explain charges gravely affecting his character; who has met his death at the hands of the enemy, even upon the spot he disgracefully surrenders, is entitled to the tenderest care and most careful investigation. This the Commission has accorded Colonel Miles, and in giving a decision only repeats what runs through our 900 pages of testimony strangely unanimous upon the fact, that Col. Miles's incapacity, amounting to almost imbecility, led to the shameful surrender of this important post."

They say of Gen. McClellan, in conclusion:—

"The Commission has remarked freely on Col. Miles, an old officer who has been killed in the service of his country, and it cannot, from any motives of delicacy, refrain from censuring those in high command, when it thinks such censure deserved. The General-in-Chief has testified that Gen. McClellan, after having received orders to repel the enemy invading the state of Maryland, marched only six miles per day, on an average, when pursuing this invading enemy. The General-in-Chief also testifies, that in his opinion Gen. McClellan could and should have relieved and protected Harper's Ferry, and in this opinion the Commission fully concur.

"The evidence thus introduced confirms the Commission in the opinion that Harper's Ferry, as well as Maryland Heights, was prematurely surrendered. The garrison should have been satisfied that relief, however long delayed, would come at last, and that a thousand men killed in Harper's Ferry would have made a small loss had the post been saved, and probably saved two thousand at Anticiam. How important was this defence we can now appreciate. Of the 97,000 men, comprising at that time the whole of Lee's army, more than one-third were attacking Harper's Ferry. And of this, the main body was in Virginia. By reference to the evidence, it will be seen that at the very moment Col. Ford abandoned Maryland Heights his little army was in reality relieved by Gens. Franklin and Sumner's corps at Crampton's Gap, within seven miles of his position; and that after the surrender of Harper's Ferry no time was given to parole prisoners before 20,000 troops were hurried from Virginia, and the entire force went off on the double quick to relieve Lee, who was being attacked at Antietam. Had the garrison been slower to surrender, or the Army of the Potomac swifter to march, the enemy would have been forced to raise the siege, or would have been taken in detail, with the Potomac dividing his forces."

Plants, Bulbs and Tubers for Gratuitous Distribution by Agricultural Department.

The following list of plants, bulbs and tubers are now ready for distribution from the experimental gardens of the Agricultural Department. These are all new and valuable varieties, and much credit is due to the Chief, Hon. Isaac Newton, for the energy displayed in this new Bureau:—

Names.	*Quantities.*
Native grape vines, 100 varieties,	10,000
Foreign grape vines, 80 varieties.	2,000
Gladiolus, 35 varieties,	2,000
Japan Cedar (Cryptomeria's Japonica),	350
Paper plant (Capparis spinosa),	250
Japan arborvitæ (Biota japonica),	600
Chinese arborvitæ (Biota chinensis),	800
Candleberry myrtle (Myrica cerifera),	1,500
Carob plant (Ceratonia siliqu),	250
Spanish chestnut (Castanea vesca),	150
Christ's thorn (Pallurus aculeatus),	90
Ginger plant (Zingiber officinale),	40
Date palm (Phœnix dactyllifera),	100
Hop tree (Ptelea trifoliata),	50
Indian shot (Canna), 8 varieties,	800
Laburnum (Cytisus alpinus),	150
Live oak (Quercus virens),	300
Spanish oak (Quercus grammuntia),	60
Oleaster (Elæagnus angustifolia),	240
Pistachio nut (Pistachio vera),	150
Senna (Cassia) species,	100
Mist bush (Rhus cotinus),	100
Silk tree (Acacia julibrisson),	300
Tea plant (Thea) species,	1,000
Varnish tree (Rhus vernicifera),	350
Max tree (Rhus succedaneum),	120
Chinese yam (Dioscorea batatas),	200
Syrian potato (Caladium esculentum),	350
Prickly pear (Cactus opuntia),	100
Ivy (Hedera helix),	600
Oleander (Nerium oleander),	60
Cork oak (Quercus suber),	20,000
Gingko tree (Salisburia adiantifolia)	80
(Series fœtida)	200
Yellow wood (Vergilea lutea),	30
(Yucca aloifolia),	180
Roses, 80 varieties,	8,000
Osier—basket willow—roots,	2,000
basket willow—cuttings,	20,000
Japan raspberry,	1,000
Syrian hedge plant (Acacia) species,	250
Camphor plant (Laurus camphora),	120
Myrtle (Myrtus communis),	120
(Bryophyllum calycinum),	100

[The best plan to get any of the above probably is to make application through the member of Congress for your district.]

EXTRA BILLY SMITH.—Ex-Gov. Smith, or he who is more familiarly known as "Extra Billy," resides in this town, on the Culpepper Road, and was found at his home yesterday, and was paroled. He is yet confined to his house with wounds received in battle and a fever that supervened. He talks despondingly of the affairs of rebeldom, and predicts that one more battle will settle the fate of the Confederate states. The fate of the prematurely old man is but another illustration that the way of the transgressor is hard. A man of limited capacity of mind, but of great social influence, he was one of the first to use his influence to sever the Union, and boastingly sought a traitor's doom. To-day he is a ruined man, prostrated upon a bed of sickness from which he will rise, if at all, a mere wreck of his former self. Of his two sons, one was killed in the battles in front of Richmond, and the other died from disease incurred by exposure serving the Secession cause.—*Letter from Warrenton, Va.*

☞ Private Tolck of the 1st Artillery, at the battle of Pocataligo Bridge, South Carolina, performed a most praiseworthy feat during the engagement. A shell from the enemy's guns lodged in one of the ammunition chests. At the risk of his life, he seized and flung it away, and was wounded by its explosion as it fell from his hands.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. ELLEN WOOD,

Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

EDMUND KIRKE,

Author of "AMONG THE PINES."

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

TERMS: CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year,	$2.00
3 copies, one year,	5.00
4 copies, one year,	6.00
8 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	12.00
20 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	25.00

A SPLENDID PREMIUM.

WHO WANTS A SEWING MACHINE? To any one sending thirty subscriptions and $60, we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines, such as they sell for $45. The machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of $2,00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at any of our club rates, and the balance of the $60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30), and whole amount of money ($60), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

☞ Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis when requested.

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

THE SICK AND WOUNDED.

The "Penn Relief Association for sick and wounded soldiers," meeting at the "Institute," Broad and Spring Garden streets, grateful for the generous response to our former appeals, find it is impossible to continue our labors without further aid. Our treasury is empty, our material nearly exhausted. We trust your hearts may be open to our call.

We therefore solicit contributions of money, material, (especially flannel), clothing, either new or part worn, delicacies, dried fruit, vegetables, pickles, &c., anything which would give comfort and relief to the sick and suffering.

We feel we have so far accomplished a good work, contributing to the greatest need wherever found, frequently forwarding South to reliable persons, and receiving constant evidence that all is properly appropriated.

The following persons will receive donations:—

Chas. J. Sharpless, 801 Chestnut street.
Wm. C. Henzey, 737 Market street.
Little, Stokes & Co., 237 Chestnut street.
Barton Green, 40 N. Front street.
Wm. S. Stewart, 503 Market street.
John W. Thomas, 405 N. Second street.
Smith & Thomas, 30 S. Third street.
Edward T. Steel, 4 N. Second street.
Wm. G. Steel, 503 Market street.
James R. Garrigues, 1010 Wallace street.
John C. Savery, 807 Market street.
A. S. Truman, 833 Market street.
Albert Illasco, Thirteenth, below Chestnut st.
P. C. Moore, 1338 Chestnut street.
Chas. M. McCrintock, 812 Marshall street.
A. H. Franciscus, 5 N. Fifth street.
J. M. Truman, 413 Franklin street.
Albert C. Roberts, N. E. corner Eleventh and Vine streets.
Charles Evans, Bread and Quarry.
John B. Peddle, N. E. corner Ninth and Green streets.
C. H. Mattson, S. W. corner Tenth and Arch streets.
Wm. B. Thomas, Custom House.
C. N. Pierce, N. E. corner Seventh and Buttonwood.
G. C. Garrigues, 148 S. Fourth street.

ANNA P. LITTLE, Secretary,
No. 818 north Broad street.

Country Papers would oblige the society by giving several insertions to the above.

KELLY ROUTS IMBODEN IN NORTHERN VIRGINIA.—Gen. Kelly recently broke up Imboden's camp in Hardy county, Va., Gen. Kelly reports:—I left New Creek on Saturday morning, the 8th instant, *and after a continuous march of twenty four hours, a distance of about sixty miles,* reached Imboden's camp on the South Fork, eighteen miles south of this place, at half-past six o'clock yesterday morning. We attacked him at once and routed him completely, killing and wounding many of the enemy; also, capturing his camp, fifty prisoners, a quantity of arms, three hundred and fifty fat hogs, a large number of horses, cattle, wagons, &c.

The infantry were routed and entirely dispirited, fleeing to the mountains. Their cavalry were, unfortunately for us, away on an expedition, or our success would have been complete. We burned their camp and returned to this place this evening. I had with me a detachment of the First New York Cavalry, under the command of Colonel McReynolds, the Ringgold Cavalry, under the command of Captain Keys, the Washington Cavalry, commanded by Captain Greenfield, Rourk's Battery, and three companies of the Twenty-third Illinois Infantry, under the command of Major Moore. The infantry companies were carried in wagons. *The New York troops cannot be surpassed for patient endurance on the march or for gallant bearing when in action.* Our attack was so unexpected and impetuous that our loss is trifling, three or four men slightly and one severely wounded; none killed.

B. F. KELLY, Brigadier-General.

☞ A peddler being asked by a spindle-shanked wag if he had any overalls, replied, "No, but I have a pair of candle moulds that would just fit you."

DETERMINED TO SEE HIM.

A policeman, on his beat the other night, passing a handsome residence in Poplar Street, below Fifteenth, saw a dark object lying on the door step. His first idea was that an overgrown infant, wrapped in a soldier blanket, had been deposited by some one "for want of use." He approached the bundle. Instead of an infant he found a full grown citizen. He roused the citizen by tapping him upon a soft part of his person with a fifteen inch piece of "regulating" hickory. (See ordinances of City Councils.) The citizen roused himself, and wanted to know by what right his coat skirts had been subjected to an indignity. Policeman very naturally asked by what right gentlemen's door marble was turned into a roosting place.—Citizen rose up and enlightened policeman. He was sober as a judge, and quite as honest.

"I am candidate for keeper of a square, Mr. Officer," said citizen, with great dignity. "This is the house of Mr. Henry Davis, Select Councilman from this ward. Mr. Davis will be next President of Select Councils.—His vote, Mr. Policeman, is what I'm after."

"Why don't you see him at his place of business, or else come in the day time?"

"For the best of reasons. Bother a gentleman at his place of business, and you lose his vote anyhow, even if you don't get kicked out of his store. Catch him just after his coffee, when he lights his segar to go to business, and the chances are you gain his attention."

"Way don't you come early in the morning, then, instead of lying here?"

"Because I live too far away, and might miss him. To make sure, if you'll go to the back of the house you'll see my boy lying at the back gate. Between us we shall be sure to see him. I mean to catch him, and get a yes or no. If he says yes, I'm all right. If he says no, why I give it up."

The policeman stood musing, then walked to the back gate, where sure enough was a fourteen year old boy, curled up like a hedgehog, ready to catch the Councilman at the rear place of exit if his father missed him at the front door. The policeman was struck with his determined perseverance, and as if he knew that the man's intentions were not burglarious, he let him remain.

Gentlemen who assume official duties assume heavy burdens.—*Philadelphia North American.*

A FUNNY CASE.—An amusing case was heard before the U. S. Commissioner Hoyne, at Chicago, on Saturday, growing out of a strange similarity of names, Brown vs. Brown. The plaintiff, one James Brown, complained of the defendant, another James Brown, that he had taken a letter out of the Post office, which was the property of the plaintiff, James Brown, and no way belonged to the defendant, James Brown. Defendant set up that the letter was from Buffalo, that he expected a letter from there, that the letter was from Mary Brown, who was his wife, and he had a right to take the letter and open it under this state of facts. Plaintiff insisted that the letter was from *his* wife, Mary Brown. It turned out that both parties had wives living in Buffalo, whose names were each Mary Brown, and that the affair was a clear mistake. The Commissioner dismissed the complaint.

ADVANCE OF PRICE OF DAILY PAPERS.—A few days ago mention was made of the fact that the proprietors of the leading city journals were about to raise the price of their respective publications, in order to enable them to hold their own, in view of the rapid and heavy advance in paper and other printing materials. The Evening Express of to-day sets the example. That paper, hitherto sold for two cents, will be three cents on and after Saturday next. In the course of a few days it is probable all the other dailies will in like manner add a cent to the selling price, and the weeklies will not be long in following their example.—*N. Y. Correspondent of Philadelphia Ledger.*

☞ "What do you propose to take for your cold?" said a lady to a sneezing gentleman. "Oh, I'll sell it very cheap; I won't higgle about the price at all."

THE SUFFERINGS OF THE REBEL ARMY.

The Richmond Whig of the 11th inst., says:

A few days ago a scene was witnessed in our streets which at last aroused the people to a lively sense of the real condition of our soldiers. A number of regiments marched down Ninth street, passing the very door of the War Department. Citizens standing near—there were no officials present; they never are on such occasions—saw with their own eyes what the papers have long and vainly tried to make them believe. They saw numbers of soldiers marching barefoot through the melting snow. Nor was this all. They saw them thinly clad in ragged and wornout clothes; some of them without blankets and without hats. This was a spectacle to stir the pulses even of a speculator.

But there were some who took care not to witness so disgraceful a sight. At the very moment this barefooted procession was passing the War Department, the President of the Confederate States, his Secretary of War, all the Cabinet officers, the Quartermaster General, and some thousands of able-bodied young clerks, were sitting by rousing fires, toasting their well-shod feet and thinking of anything but the soldiers. It is not to be expected that stout young fellows, who slink into government drudges in order to get out of the army, should care much for anybody but themselves. It is not to be expected that an Administration, no member of which was ever known to put his foot inside of a hospital, or to bestow so much as a plate of soup on a sick private, or to send one of their gorgeous vehicles to bring in the wounded—it is not to be expected that such an Administration should care very much for anything but the snubbing of men like Price and Beauregard. Our political system makes them secure in their places for six years, and it is a matter of profound indifference to them what happens, so long as they can draw their salaries and reward their favorites with the honors and bounties of government.

But the cold-blooded inhumanity of government does not absolve our citizens from the religious duty of immediately supplying the wants of the army.

☞ A singular couple got married in Chester County, Pennsylvania, the other day, merely making the following declaration in the presence of friends:—"We, Orson S. Murray and Lydia A. Jacobs, make known to these our friends, that we have chosen each other for conjugal companionship—in prosperity and adversity, in life and until death. We ask no license. We recognize no God nor almighty power to guide or guard us. Our promises are to ourselves, and each other—not to others. Our trust is not in others, but in ourselves and each other."—*Exchange paper.*

☞ TORTURE.—In our nature there is a provision, alike marvellous and merciful, that the sufferer should never know the intensity of what he endures by its present torture, but chiefly by the pang that rankles after it.

☞ The man who can wear a shirt a week, and keep it clean, isn't fit for anything else.

☞ "Good morn'n, Mr. Grimes! I come over to see if you'd lend our dad your pickaxe, to saw off a board to make a chicken coop to put our dog in; he runs after our neighbor's cows, and then they won't come about any more, so we have to drink our coffee without cream or sugar?"

☞ The Louisville Journal says that all the rebel officers, civil and military, make Confederate scrip just as they happen to want it. John Morgan manufactured fifty thousand dollars of the shinplasters at Lexington in a single day, and circulated it among the people, and we understand the form upon which he printed a large batch at Danville is still standing at the Tribune office in that town.

☞ When stretched upon his bed in the agony of gout, it was reported to Chatham that one of his official subordinates pronounced an order impossible of execution. "Tell him," said he, rising up, and marching across the room on his swollen feet, his face streaming with perspiration from the excruciating effort, "tell him it is the order of a man who treads upon impossibilities!"

☞ Some twenty years since a barrel of mackerel and a barrel of flour were about equal in price. For the past twelve or fifteen years, up to last season, a barrel of mackerel would purchase two barrels of flour. Now flour has gone up and mackerel has gone down, so that they are about equal.

☞ In good society we are required to do obliging things to one another; in genteel society, we are required only to say them.

☞ Wisdom is better than riches; wisdom guards thee, but thou hast to guard the riches. Riches diminish in the using; but wisdom increases in the use of it.

☞ Horses are so ruinously plenty in Australia that there is no use for them, and sales cannot be effected at any price. Mr. Atkinson, of Sopheinburg, has actually taken a contract to *boil down* two thousand horses that could not otherwise be disposed of. Not being able to sell his horses, the owner takes this plan to get what he can out of them, by selling their oil, hides and hoofs. What a pity some of that superabundant stock could not be transferred to this country.

☞ MAKING THE MOST OF IT.—While preaching a funeral discourse in this city, recently, the minister—who, by the way, has lost, by the interposition of Divine Providence, three wives, and now has the fourth—thus eloquently said to the mourners—"And, my dear friends, God sends this trouble upon you for a wise purpose. There is a joy, a luxury in such afflictions, as I can testify from personal experience."

☞ The following stanza from a prize ode to the late General Wolfe, was probably not written by Tennyson:

Without stopping or fears,
He marched at the head of his bold grenadiers;
And what is still more particular,
He climbed up rocks that are perpendicular.

☞ Children should be trained as early as possible to acts of charity and mercy. Constantine, as soon as his son could write, employed *his* hand in signing all pardons, and delighted in conveying through *his* mouth all the favors he granted. A noble introduction to sovereignty.

☞ The Arabs have an excellent portable dairy which preserves their milk a number of days in a very hot climate. It is called a dromedary.

LATEST NEWS.

The Army of the Potomac.

Its Reorganization.

Headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, Nov. 15.—The following order was published to-day:

Headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, near Warrenton, Va., Nov. 14.—General Order, No. 184.—First. The organization of a portion of this army into three general divisions is hereby announced.

Three grand divisions will be formed and commanded as follows:

The Second and Ninth Corps will form the right grand division, and will be commanded by Major General E. V. Sumner.

The First and Sixth Corps will form the left grand division, and will be commanded by Major-General W. B. Franklin.

The Third and Fifth Corps form the centre grand division, and will be commanded by Major-General Joseph Hooker.

The Eleventh Corps, with such other troops as may hereafter be assigned to it, will constitute a reserve force, under the command of Major-General F. Sigel.

Assignments of cavalry and further details will be announced in future orders.

Second.—In accordance with instructions from the War Department, the commanders of these grand divisions will have power to decide such questions relating to the interior management of their commands as are now forwarded to these headquarters for final action.

Major General Sigel will exercise all the powers in respect to his command above assigned, as the commander of a grand division. These cases which can only be decided by the Departments at Washington, they will forward directly to these departments without reference to these headquarters.

All matters relating to the movements of troops, together with returns, reports, &c., will be forwarded to these headquarters as usual.

Third.—The commanders of these grand divisions will retain with them their respective staffs.

Fourth.—The senior officers of the Second, Third, Fifth and Sixth corps, will take the command of these corps, and will forward to these headquarters a list of recommendations of officers to fill their staffs.

Fifth.—Brig. Gen. Williams, A. A. G., is appointed Inspected General of the Adjutant General's Department in this army. Lieut. Colonel James A. Hardie, A. D. C., Acting Adj. General, will act as Assistant Inspector General in the same Department.

Sixth.—The heads of the various Staff Departments at these headquarters, other than the Adjutant General's Department, will remain as heretofore until further orders.

Seventh.—Lieut Colonel Richmond, A. A. General, is announced as A. A. General at these headquarters.

Eighth.—All orders conflicting with this are hereby rescinded.

By command of Major-General BURNSIDE.
(Signed) S. WILLIAMS, A. A. G.

Gen. Sigel visited Gen. Burnside at his headquarters to-day.

Operations in North Carolina.

NEW YORK, Nov. 15.—The Herald has a letter from Newbern, dated the 9th inst.

Gen. Foster's army was at Williamston on the 8th, under orders to march to Plymouth on the 9th, and from thence to embark in transports to Newbern.

Reconnoissances had been made to within five miles of Tarboro, and the rebels were found to have massed a large force there.

The rebel salt works near Wilmington had been entirely destroyed by the gunboat Ellis, without loss on our side.

From New Orleans.

Advices from New Orleans say that the expedition which left there recently, under Gen. Wertzel, met about 2 000 of the enemy at Labadierville, and routed them. Rebel loss 200, ours 18 killed and 74 wounded. The rebels were pursued toward Berwick's Bay, where Gov. Moore was supposed to be.

The War in Tennessee.

CHICAGO, Nov. 15.—A special dispatch from Lagrange, Tennessee, dated yesterday, says that five regiments of rebel cavalry advanced last evening from Lawkins's Mills to within ten miles of Holly Springs. Skirmishing commenced and continued for some time. The enemy lost six killed. Seven commissioned officers were captured.

The rebel Gen. Villipigue died at Port Hudson a few days ago of pneumonia.

The War in the South-West.

CAIRO, November 15.—All the partisan rangers who have been pillaging the country around Memphis have been disbanded by Pemberton and attached to regiments.

Cotton is reported to be coming forward again in considerable quantities, in consequence of this movement.

Passengers from Helena, Ark., report that the town of Hernando, Ark., was occupied by the Unionists on Monday.

The people of Mississippi are said to be running their negroes into the interior, leaving only such property as they cannot carry away.

The rebels are said to be fortifying Jackson, Mississippi. Large reinforcements are being brought there from Aikens. It is believed that their entire army will fall back to that point before giving battle.

Miscellaneous.

An advance has been made from Nashville towards Murfreesboro', under Sill. Crittenden is at Silver Springs. Part of rebel Morgan's guerillas is at Lebanon, and another in the neighborhood of Crittenden's camp.

The Postmaster-General has given orders for the redemption of all postage stamps which have been used as currency.

The President has issued a general order enjoining the observance of the Sabbath in the army and navy.

The slave trader Horn, convicted at New York, has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

The Etna, with dates to the 6th, passed Cape Race on Saturday. The London Times denies that any blame can be attached to England for the doings of the pirate Alabama.

John Bright, in a letter to Wm. G. Jewett, expresses amazement at the idea of conciliation towards the South regarding slavery. He says:—"The North may separate from the South, or fight out the contest and win, but to leave the slave still a slave will expose her to the contempt of the civilized world." He adds: "I applaud the proclamation of President Lincoln, as does every man in Europe who is not a foe to freedom or moved by base hostility to the American republic because it is a republic and a powerful one."

☞ There is a plant in the island of Sumatra, the circumference of whose fully expanded flower is nine feet; its nectarium is calculated to hold nine pints; the pistils are as large as cow's horns, and the whole weight of the blossom is computed to be fifteen pounds.

☞ Death is the condition of our creation it is a part of us, and, whilst we endeavor to evade it, we avoid ourselves.

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE AND CHILD.

My sister Blanche, her child and I, sat on the lawn that morning;
"Oh, would a wife's strong love," she cried,
"could shield a soldier's fate!"
Her voice a little trembled, as if touched by some forewarning;
Then rode a soldier up the lane, and halted at the gate.

"Which house is Malcolm Blake's? I bring a letter to his sister."
I took it. Blanche half murmuring, said,—
"What none for me, his wife!"
The stranger tangled Madge's curls, and bending over, kissed her.
"Your father was my captain, child!—I loved him as my life."

When suddenly he galloped off, without a word more spoken.
I read the letter. Blanche exclaimed, "What makes you tremble so?"
Oh, God! how could I answer her? How should the news be broken?
For first they wrote to me, not her, that I should break the blow.

"Another battle fought!" I said. "Our troops were brave, but lost it."
Her quick eye saw the letter was not writ in Malcolm's hand.
I glanced a moment at her face—a sudden shadow crossed it:
"Read quick, dear Mary—read all, I pray—and let me understand."

I did not read, but told the tale—and tempered so the phrases,
That scarce at first she guessed the worst. I kept the fatal word
Till I had told her of his march, his charge, his comrade's praises:
And then—the end! While she—a statue!—never spoke nor stirred!

Oh, never yet a woman's heart was broken so completely!
So unbaptized of helpful tears!—so passionless and dumb!
She stood there in her agony, till little Madge asked sweetly:
"Dear mother, when the battle ends, then will my father come?"

I touched my finger to her lip, and led her to her playing.
Poor Blanche! the winter on her cheek grew snowy as her name!
What could she do but kneel and pray—and linger at her praying?
Oh, Christ! when other heroes die, moan their wives all the same?

Must other women's hearts yet break, to keep the Cause from falling?
God pity our brave lovers when they face the battle's blaze!
And pity wives made widows! Shall it all be unavailing?
Oh, Lord! give Victory first, then Peace!—and to Thy name the praise!

THE EARTHQUAKE;

OR,

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

The first object that caught my eye as I sat up in my bed was James; he was staring at me in the same confused state in which I looked at him, and both of us listened intently for some sound or cry which could tell us what was the matter. Screams we could hear plainly enough, but nothing intelligible. There was a sound as of barefooted people running with all their might along the passage outside our door, and the idea suggested itself simultaneously to our minds that the place was on fire. Without waiting to dress ourselves, we got out of our beds, and I had my hand on the gimlet with which we secured the latch of our door, when I felt a shock that caused me to reel across the room, till I fell against the wall on the opposite side; the bed followed me, and falling against James, seriously bruised his legs, and pinned him against the wainscot. For a moment we remained in this position, and then the house began to settle back on its foundations, and I was able to drag the bed a little way from the wall, and set him at liberty. We got to the door, and removed the gimlet; but the house was still so far from being level, that we had to break the door down before we could get out of the room. Many of the boards in the passage were torn apart and split to pieces; and between the passage and the staircase there was a gap into which I slipped, but, fortunately, though the fall hurt me very much, the opening was not wide enough to allow of my body passing through. Dragging my legs out as quickly as I could, I followed my husband down stairs into the street, no longer at a loss to understand the cause of the commotion which had roused us from our sleep; it was the first shock of an earthquake.

By the light of the moon, we could perceive that the two shocks had reduced several houses in the street to dust and broken timber, and from among these ruins rose cries, moans, and prayers, which chilled my blood, and almost paralysed the power of movement. From the houses that still remained standing, the people were bringing out what they considered of most value, some their children, others boxes of furniture. With our arms linked together, we pushed our way as well as we could through the crowd of fugitives that filled the street, now stumbling into holes so deep, that the sudden shock was painfully felt through the whole frame, and a moment afterwards scrambling over heaps of rubbish. With great difficulty we had got as far as Montada's store, when we felt a movement of the earth, which made me feel as though my heart were rising into my throat, followed instantly after by a motion which made it appear to me that the ground was falling away beneath my feet, and leaving me suspended in the air. This was repeated several times. Houses were falling on our right hand and on our left, pieces of timber and stones were driven about us with a force as great as though shot from a gun; many were struck dead, and others were beaten down and sunk to the ground, where they were trampled to death. Just before us was a woman with one side of her face torn in a most frightful manner, whom I recognized, on seeing the other side, as the keeper of a shop where James and I had spent nearly an hour the previous evening in buying some gold-embroidered leather. I spoke to her, but she did not heed me; and so great was her terror, that she did not appear conscious of the horrible injuries she had received, notwithstanding that the blood was streaming down her neck, and dyeing the front of her night-dress a vivid crimson. With rolling gait and uncertain steps, we staggered forward, as it seemed to us, but in reality we did not advance a yard; Montada's store was still in front of us, and rocking frightfully. By great exertion in a sidelong direction, we put a little more space between us and it; when down it came with a tremendous crash, throwing a volley of stones over the very spot where we had been standing, and burying many persons beneath its ruins. One poor man, carrying two children in his arms, was crushed almost at our feet by the end of one of the beams, and lay screaming with agony, without its being possible for us to help him. The fall of this house was succeeded by a cessation of the motion of the earth, and a rush was made over the ruins, regardless of the wretched creatures below. The merciful Providence which had protected us hitherto, enabled us to reach the open space in front of the civic hall without injury, and here we halted, feeling that we should be safer than in the narrow streets.

For the space of half an hour or thereabouts, there was no renewal of the earthquakes, and we had begun to hope that the evil was over. Hundreds of people, most of them with little beside their night-dresses on them, were huddled about us, when suddenly, without a sound to give notice of what was coming, the earth opened in a zigzag line right across the Plaza, a crowd of persons dropping into the chasm, which closed, opened, and closed again, and all in an instant.—We were so close as to see this distinctly, and though it was over so quickly that comparatively few of those on the Plaza knew what had happened, the cries of mortal terror which were uttered by those who had been on the brink of the grave, told those at a distance of some new disaster, and the air was so filled with shrieks and prayers for mercy that I grew sick with terror. Some cried aloud that it was the Day of Judgment, and sank grovelling to the earth; a desperate-looking man beside us, who gave no cry, nor breathed a prayer, was violently beating his own head with a large stone; and another was savagely attacking every person within his reach like a wild beast.

All this time the moon was shining brilliantly in a cloudless firmament, and when we looked upwards in our terror, it caused hope to spring up in our hearts, to see how serene everything was above; but when our attention was again directed to what was passing about us, it added an indescribable horror to the scene, and for a moment shook our faith in the existence of a merciful Creator at the very time when we most needed its support. Our great desire was to escape to the hills, the mind associating stability with these masses of earth; but it was impossible to get through the crowd which hemmed us in on every side, and seemed afraid to venture again in the narrow street. Instead of half an hour elapsing before the next shock was felt, there could not have been half that time, and this shock was far more violent than the previous one, and lasted longer. There was the same sickening motion, not altogether unlike what is experienced on shipboard; but the motion itself was nothing compared with the effects of the terror it caused to feel the earth rocking beneath us, and this, too, heightened by the spectacle of houses crumbling to dust, bleeding bodies, shrieks, and every species of woful utterance which human organs are capable of forming. From constant travel, I was physically almost as strong as my husband, but with the most earnest desire not to add to his alarm and distress, I was obliged to cling to him for support while this horrid din was raging about us. The dull roaring sound which accompanied the movements of the earth gradually died away, and at the same time the openings of chasms in the Plaza were renewed. Wherever these gaps occurred, a number of individuals disappeared, and until it closed again, there was a long dark line, from which persons made frantic efforts to recoil. Sometimes these chasms were straight as an arrow; at other times, they were as crooked as forked lightning.—To try to change our position while this was going on, was useless, for there was nothing to indicate what direction the next opening might take, and motion on the part of such a multitude could only increase the loss of life. Once, indeed, we found ourselves on a small triangularly-shaped piece of ground, with a chasm on both sides of us of about a yard in width. Persons fell into this gap all round us, but several were drawn out again alive; James drew out three himself, and very few were crushed in it when it closed. This sudden closing of the earth caused some of the most hideous sights which it is possible to conceive. The ground did not always open wide enough to admit the human body, or it opened into chasms of several feet, but not of a greater depth than four or five feet; and the inconceivable rapidity with which they opened and closed, caused many persons to be caught in them by their legs, in the case of the narrow chasms; and in the case of the broad but shallow gaps, men, women and children were crushed together in one mass, as regarded the lower part of their bodies, leaving the heads separate, and the upper part of the bodies blended together as closely as though they were one body with many heads.

As soon as there was a longer pause than usual between these gapings, we were able to make our way off the Plaza, in consequence of the great thinning of the crowd; and taking the broadest of two openings which presented themselves before us, we proceeded down it, keeping as near the middle as possible, for every now and then a house fell to the ground without the slightest warning, though, while the earth was steady, with little danger except to those immediately opposite to it. We might have advanced about a quarter of a mile, when James stopped to knock at a door. I did not at first see where we were, but on looking more attentively, I discovered that we were at the house of a man of whom we had frequently hired horses during our stay in Nanhuisalco. Nobody answered his call, though he beat at the gate with a stone with all his might. I urged him not to wait for horses, which might be unable to make their way with so much ease as ourselves, when he pointed to his foot, and told me he could walk no further; and I then saw that a vein against the ankle must have been cut open, for he was standing in quite a pool of blood. I hastened back as fast as my own wounded feet would allow me to a place where I had seen a dead body lying, and from this I tore some strips of linen sufficient to bind up my husband's feet and my own. Greatly relieved by the protection this gave us from the sharp stones, and the accidental kicks and tread of other fugitives, we left the shelter of the gateway, and joined those who, like ourselves, were making for the open country, not on the supposition that we should be safe there, but that we should have, at all events, one danger the less to encounter.

I have omitted to say that for some time we had perceived that it was becoming sensibly darker. The clouds of dust which rose from the falling houses, combined with that raised by the trampling of feet, concealed the moon from us, and made it difficult for us to avoid running against the houses, and impossible to prevent falling over heaps of rubbish. We could just distinguish a large, square, white house, with a flat roof, which we knew to belong to Luis Torellas, a friend of ours, when a gentle rise of the ground, accompanied by a low moaning sound, told us of what was coming. We stood still, and the ground had hardly subsided, when there came another and louder roar, and with it an upheaval of the ground compared with which all that had preceded it were insignificant. We were forced to drop on the ground from actual inability to remain upright; and here we sat tossed up and down in a frightful manner, and every moment apprehensive that one of the chasms like those we had seen might open beneath us and swallow us up. It now became so dark that we could see nothing whatever; and but for the incessant crashing of the falling houses, and the renewed cries and prayers, we might have supposed ourselves buried in the very centre of the earth. Vainly did we strive to distinguish if Torellas's house was still standing; we could not even see each other's face, so that I lost even that source of courage. Presently, the dull roar of the earthquake was mingled with, or drowned by, the crashes of thunder following the most vivid flashes of lightning I ever saw, which, though it left me in doubt at times whether I had not been struck blind, did us this service, that it allowed us to see that Torellas's house was still erect, and apparently uninjured. To add to the horrors of this night, a fire broke out in a street near us in two or more houses at the same time, caused either by the broken timbers falling over an unextinguished fire, or by the lightning. The dryness of the wood caused the flame to spread with amazing rapidity, and I confess that the light caused a feeling of satisfaction in my mind, which nobody can realize who has not been in a position of imminent danger in the midst of total darkness. If I had been able to see what was passing in those houses and in the street between, I should have felt far otherwise.

The undulations of the earth, though fainter, still continuing, James proposed we should take refuge with Torellas for a time, seeing that the house had withstood the recent shocks, and not thinking it likely we should have any others more violent. We rose, holding each other tightly, and making our way to the door as direct as we could, groped about till we had found the fastening, when we pushed it open, and felt our way along the passage to the staircase. We knew our way to the principal apartments from having visited at the house so frequently, and we made our way from one to the other of these, notwithstanding the dead silence which followed my husband's calls for Torellas. We had opened the doors of several rooms, and had found them all in total darkness, and we were on the point of leaving the house, supposing that Torellas with his family had abandoned it, when we remembered a room which gave a fine view of the city and of the environs. In the intense darkness which prevailed, we had to grope a long time before we could find the door, but when we had found it and pushed it open, the glare which rushed into our eyes was terrible. I believed the building was in flames, but so horrible was the pain in my eyes, and so great the bewilderment caused by the brilliant light after being so long in such pitchy darkness, that I could not have fled if I had felt the fire laying hold of me. I covered my face with my hands, and as the pain diminished, I parted my fingers little by little, and let in the light gradually, till I was able to open my eyes to the light without protection. Madame Torellas was most kind in her attentions to me, even at such a moment, and her daughters were willing assistants. They brought water to wash our wounded feet; but my husband would not suffer the bandages to be removed, for fear of causing inflammation of the wounds, by exposing them to the air in such a hot climate, especially as we might within a minute have to rush out of the house. We were glad enough, however, to avail ourselves of their offered kindness in the matter of clothing, and when these arrangements were completed, we went to the window and looked out.

The sight was grand and horrible. The flames which now rose from the houses on both sides of the street lit up the tower of the convent, which had hitherto resisted the shocks of the earthquake, with a bright-red glow, and showed us every projection and crevice, even to the bird sitting in her nest, either kept there by her maternal instinct, or too bewildered to fly away. A little below this convent, the road widened several feet beyond what it was just below us, and at the bottom it narrowed again, and was shut in by a tanner's yard. This factory or store was blazing fiercely, and Torellas told us that one part of the building was used to store a large quantity of saltpetre. Most of the inhabitants had probably made their escape; but there were still many in the street who might have delayed their flight to save something from the general wreck, but were more likely plunderers who were taking advantage of the confusion and terror to help themselves to the property of others. If this were so, they paid dearly for their crime. A repetition of the shocks, so violent, that the broad, solid building in which we were shook trembled, brought down the convent tower, which crushed the opposite houses on the two sides of the street into one mass, so that a low but flaming barrier cut off their escape, and shut them in on all sides. It was a dreadful sight to see the poor creatures running to and fro, seeking with frantic gestures an outlet, and finding none. Some fell in the middle of the street insensible or dead; a few leaped among the burning ruins, and were either consumed or made their escape, for they returned no more; but the greater part of them huddled together in the broadest part of the street, the stronger struggling savagely to force themselves into the centre of the group. The intense heat soon reduced strong and weak to one level, and for some minutes before motion ceased altogether, we could distinguish nothing but a writhing mass. Soon a pale, bright flame seemed to be hovering over it, like a bird of prey over a dying camel in the desert, sinking lower and lower, till it suddenly seized upon it and wrapped it in a shroud of fire. Faint with horror, yet with something like a feeling of thankfulness in my heart that we had not wandered into this street in the obscurity, I turned away from the window, and sat down on a couch. James said he intended to try and get out of the town as soon as it was daylight, but Torellas declared that his confidence in the stability of his house was so perfect that nothing would induce him to abandon it, but that his wife and family were free to go with us if they chose. At the first appearance of daylight, we all ascended to the roof of the house, to get a more perfect view of the extent of the damage that had been done. The shocks were still frequent, but less violent, and we comforted ourselves with the belief that the worst was over. In every direction there were gaps where a heap of rubbish alone remained to indicate the place whereon a building had formerly stood; and while we were looking, the air at a particular spot would be filled with dust, showing that another house had been added to the list of the fallen. Our host brought us some food and wine, and had gone down to get some cigars for himself and James, when a prolonged dull roar told us that another shock was approaching. The house trembled with a vibratory motion which made me stretch out my hands to lay hold of something to steady myself. All at once the vibratory motion changed for one of upheaval, the house parted in two, and we felt ourselves descending to the earth with a rapidity which took my breath away, and I became for the first time insensible. When I recovered my senses, my first thought was of my husband. I opened my eyes, and found him still alive, and, as it turned out, with limbs unbroken, though greatly bruised. He was feeling my pulse, and looking anxiously at my face for signs of recovery, and his joy when I opened my eyes was evident even to my enfeebled vision. After a moment, I thought of Madame Torellas and her daughters, and asked him in a faint voice if they were safe; but he only pointed to what appeared a heap of torn clothing without speaking, and I comprehended that they—who at the moment when the division took place were standing at the edge of the terrace, looking at the still burning ruins—had been precipitated into the street and killed.

When I attempted to move, I suffered intense pain in my right leg, which was so helpless that I felt it must be broken. My husband examined it, and found that it was fractured a little below the knee, and that any further walking on my part was quite out of the question. He went away for a minute or two, and came back with some strips of linen and pieces of rafters, which he smoothed and cut with his knife into splints, and set the bone as well as circumstances would admit of. After he had done this, he searched for and found some of the food which poor Torellas had brought up, and made me swallow a few mouthfuls; but I wanted water most, and this he was unable to get without going some distance, wherefore I preferred to suffer thirst rather than let him go out of my sight. Daylight made no difference in the severity of the shocks; but shortly after sunrise they became less frequent, and about noon seemed to have ceased altogether, and people began to appear again in the street. My husband appealed to several who passed to assist him in removing me to a place of shelter, but they all refused or pretended not to hear him; probably they had lost relatives the previous night, and were too anxious to discover anything respecting them to pay attention to the words of a stranger. It was impossible to carry me himself in the condition I was in, on account of the pain it gave me to move, and we were obliged, though with great reluctance, to consent to a separation while he went to Batalha, the horse-dealer, to get a mule to carry me, a vehicle of any kind being useless in such encumbered streets. Every minute seemed an hour while I was waiting his return, and yet minute after minute passed, and he did not make his appearance. I knew the distance was not great, and making every allowance, as I thought, for the difficulties he might have to overcome, he ought to have been back long since, when a darkening of the air, accompanied this time by a strong sulphureous smell, gave notice that another calamity was about to burst on the devoted city. The openings of the ground were more frequent and far more terrible to see, now that the daylight illuminated them, and showed their unfathomable depth. One of these split open so close to the ruins on which I was lying, that a portion rolled in. The sun's rays fell directly into it, and I shuddered as I gazed into the gulf, which was deeper than the deepest abyss I had ever imagined myself falling into in the wildest nightmare. I drew back trembling with horror and fright, and buried my face in my arms to shut out the dreadful spectacle. I prayed for my husband's return, but he came not. I would have dragged myself along in the direction in which he had gone, if I had been able, but I was entirely powerless; and to add to the terrors of my position, I now discovered that a circular stone building (used, I believe, for the temporary confinement of prisoners), trembled with every shock, and, cracked as it was in different directions, threatened every instant to bury me beneath its ruins.

It will not be easy for anybody to realize my feelings as I lay on this heap of rubbish, watching the quivering blocks of stone and the powdered mortar which was grated out from between them, and fell upon me in a shower of dust. I entreated several who passed to come and remove me, if only for a few yards, so that I might be out of reach of the building; and some were about to help me, but when they saw the imminence of the danger, they, like the Levite of old, turned away, and passed by on the other side. The good Samaritan came at last, however, in the form of a poor woman, carrying a baby in her arms. In answer to my appeal, she laid her babe tenderly on the ground, lifted me up, and carried me beyond the reach of this last danger; after which she offered to get me some water, an offer I accepted with a grateful heart, for the pain I was enduring, and the anxiety I had undergone, had parched my throat to that degree that every breath I drew caused me the most acute pain, heightened, perhaps, by the sulphureous exhalations which now filled the air. She was going to carry the babe with her, but I took it from her as she was stooping to pick it up, and told her I would take care of it. Poor little innocent, it wanted no further care. It seemed asleep, but it was a sleep from which it would never awake again; probably it had been suffocated by the pressure of the crowd on the preceding night. The kind woman soon returned with some water, and I raised it to my lips eagerly, anticipating the most delicious sensations from the refreshing coolness it sent through me the instant it touched my lips. I found, to my disappointment, that contact between it and my throat caused me so much pain that I could only swallow a few mouthfuls, and I was obliged to content myself with the relief it afforded me to hold it in my mouth.

I questioned the charitable creature who had so opportunely come to my assistance as to where she was going, and found she had no fixed idea beyond getting into the open country, upon which I proposed that if she would remain with me till my husband returned we would take her with us. She accepted my offer, and to my great joy she had not long to wait before he returned, with two mules which he had found in a stable in the suburbs, the house to which he first went having been shaken down. He seated me on the mule, and though he had still great difficulties to contend against, in the form of clouds of dust, heaps of ruins, and occasional gaps in the ground, we gradually approached the outskirts of the town, which we ultimately succeeded in passing through, and finally found a place of refuge in a shepherd's hut, which an earthquake might swallow up, but could not shake down, from its being built, except a few stones heaped up round the lower part, of stakes, wickerwork, and dried sheep-skins with the wool on them.

We did not return to Nanhuisalco till April 1860, some months after the catastrophe, when we found that traces of the earthquakes still remained, in the form of deep chasms, which gaped in a way that forcibly recalled the horrors we had seen on that occasion.

TRIBUTE.

Shall woman's worth be held disgraced,
If beauty fail the lip or cheek?
Shall stainless merit stoop abased
To those that will not deeper seek?
Each look of thine is worth the gems
Round many royal diadems.

Of simple manners, nobly sad,
Love-winning eyes for sick or poor,
Intent to succor, making glad
The poor man by his cottage-door,
I see thee move, I see thee go,
A light amid the gloom below.

GEORGE III. AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

As the King was walking on the terrace, from which there is a short way to some of the apartments of the Castle, he thought he would go into Mrs. Delany's, and he knocked at her room door. A young lady (I suppose Miss Port,) was sitting in the room, and said, "Who is there?" A voice replied, "It is me." "Then," said she, "me may stay where he is." Knocked again, and she again said, "Who is there?" The voice answered, "It is me." "Then," said she, "me is impertinent, and may go about his business." Upon the knocking being repeated a third time, some person who was with her advised her to open the door and see who it could be; when, to her great astonishment, who should it be but the King himself! All she could utter was, "What shall I say?" "Nothing at all," said his Majesty; "you were very right to be cautious whom you admitted," and no doubt it gave him more pleasure than if he had been received in any other way.—*Autobiography of Mrs. Delaney.*

A BEAUTIFUL SUPERSTITION.

A correspondent of the Herald of Progress, writing from Switzerland, says:—I have seen the Alps glittering in the rays of the setting sun—beneath rainbow as well as auroral light. The principal hue which the snow mountains assume in the sun's reflection at sunset is that of rose. The rainbow is rare, but beautiful beyond expression. There is a charming Alp, one of the smallest of the Bernia range, upon whose lower sides the Alpine roses blossoms in richest profusion in their season, and upon which the most crimson rays of the gorgeous sunsets invariably linger; it is called the Rose Alp, and the tint of its lights at twilight are watched and studied with the greatest interests by all the good shepherds far and near. They say that God speaks through the Rose Alp. One evening, during the month of September, as I was watching the *gluhen* with my guide, from the beautiful standpoint of the "Fairy Falls," near the base of the Monterasch glacier, a soft rose-tint crept over the white bosom of its pearly snow, gradually deepening in color to a bright crimson, which slowly mellowed to a shell like pink, and disappeared. The sun had gone down, and the glories of the Alpine sunset had evidently vanished for the day. The rose airs had dissolved to gray on all the adjoining mountains, and "night came creeping on." Suddenly a red cloud covered the highest pinnacle of the Rose Alp; it grew rapidly and extended upward, growing fainter and fainter, as it shot upward like streams of flame into the blue heavens above.

"Something is going on wrong in Italy!" my guide exclaimed.

"How can you know that?" I questioned.

"The spirit of freedom is aggrieved," he answered.

"What has that to do with Italy?" said I. "May not the sign have reference to America as well?"

"Oh, no," said he; "the incense of that altar-fire went up as the flames go from Vesuvius."

There was no question in his simple mind as to its import. He told me to wait three days, and if the mountain's prophecy was not then fulfilled, he would never believe them again. On the evening of the third day he came to me with the news of Garibaldi's wounds and imprisonment.

ESQUIMAUX ARCHITECTURE.

As the days lengthen, the villages are emptied of their inhabitants, who move seaward on the ice to the seal-hunt. Then comes into use a marvellous system of architecture, unknown among the rest of the American nations. The fine, pure snow has by that time acquired, under the action of strong winds and hard frosts, sufficient coherence to form an admirable light building material, with which the Esquimaux master-mason erects most comfortable dome-shaped houses. A circle is first traced on the smooth surface of the snow, and the slabs for raising the walls are cut from within, so as to clear a space down to the ice, which is to form the floor of the dwelling, and whose evenness was previously ascertained by probing. The slabs requisite to complete the dome, after the interior of the circle is exhausted, are cut from some neighboring spot. Each slab is neatly fitted to its place by running a flenching knife along the joint, when it instantly freezes to the wall, the cold atmosphere forming a most excellent cement. Crevices are plugged up, and seams accurately closed by throwing a few shovelfuls of loose snow over the fabric. Two men generally work together in raising a house, and the one who is stationed within, cuts a low door, and creeps out when his task is over.

The walls being only three or four inches thick, are sufficiently translucent to admit a very agreeable light, which serves for ordinary domestic purposes; but if more be required, a window is cut, and the aperture fitted with a piece of transparent ice. The proper thickness of the walls is of some importance. A few inches excludes the wind, yet keeps down the temperature so as to prevent dripping from the interior. The furniture—such as seats, tables, and sleeping-places—is also formed of snow; and a covering of folded reindeer skin or seal-skin renders them comfortable to the inmates. By means of ante-chambers and porches, in form of long, low galleries, with their openings turned to leeward, warmth is insured in the interior; and social intercourse is promoted by building the houses contiguously, and cutting doors of communication between them, or by erecting covered passages. Storehouses, kitchens, and other accessory buildings, may be constructed in the same manner, and a degree of convenience gained which would be attempted in vain with a less plastic material. These houses are durable; the wind has little effect on them, and they resist the thaw till the sun acquires very considerable power.—*Sir John Richardson.*

☞ The man whose whole claim to the character of Christian lies in the orthodoxy of his faith, and who expects to go to Heaven on that account, will have to plead his cause in some such words as these:—"It is true, oh, Lord, that I violated all Thy commandments, but then I held no absurd or heretical opinions in regard to them."

☞ While standing at a window around which a small group were gathered, an ice-cart passed by, when a friend remarked to our venerable Uncle Bill, that "the Ice Company *reaped* a very small harvest last winter." Turning to the speaker, Uncle Bill dryly asked, "Do they reap their harvests with an *icicle* (ice sickle)?"

☞ The Hon. Townsend Harris, just from Japan, says that the last person he parted with was "Tommy," who was in fine health and spirits, and was attached to the American Embassy there.

WE'VE ALL OUR ANGEL SIDE.

The huge rough stone from out the mine,
Unsightly and unfair,
Has veins of purest metal hid
Beneath the surface there.
Few rocks so bare but to their heights
Some tiny moss-plant clings,
And round the peaks so desolate
The sea-bird sits and sings.
Believe me too, that rugged souls
Beneath their rudeness hide
Much that is beautiful and good—
We've all our angel side.

In all there is an inner depth,
A far-off secret way,
Where through the windows of the soul
God sends His smiling ray.
In every human heart there is
A faithful sounding chord
That may be struck unknown to us
By some sweet loving word.
The wayward soul in man may try
Its softer thoughts to hide,
Some unexpected tone reveals
It hath an angel side.

Despised and lone and trodden down,
Dark with the shade of sin,
Deciphering not those halo lights
Which God has lit within;
Groping about in utmost night,
Poor poisoned souls there are
Who guess not what life's meaning is,
Nor dream of heaven afar.
Oh, that some gentle hand of love
Their stumbling steps would guide,
And show them that amidst it all
Life has its angel side.

Brutal and mean and dark enough
God knows some natures are,
But he compassionate comes near,
And shall we stand afar?
Our cruise of oil will not grow less
If shared with hearty hand;
For words of peace and looks of love
Few natures can withstand.
Love is the mighty conqueror,
Love is the beauteous guide,
Love with her beaming eyes can see
We're all our angel side.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "A LIFE'S SECRET," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XLI.

THE THUNDER STORM.

The fine September morning had turned to a rainy afternoon. A heavy mist hung upon the trees, the hedges, the ground; something like the mist which had fallen upon Lionel Verner's spirit. The day had grown more like a November one: the clouds were leaden-colored, the rain fell; even the little birds sought the shelter of their nests.

One there was who walked in it, his head uncovered, his brow bared. Not a bird, but a man. He was in the height of his fever dream. It is not an inapt name for his state of mind. His veins coursed as with fever; his thoughts took all the vague uncertainty of a dream. Little heeded he that the weather had become chilly, or that the waters fell upon him!

What must be his course? What ought it to be? The more he dwelt on the revelation of that day, the deeper grew his conviction that Frederick Massingbird was alive, breathing the very air that he breathed.—What ought to be his course? If this were so, his wife was not his wife.

It was obvious that his present, immediate course ought to be to solve the doubt: to set it at rest. But how? It could only be done by unearthing Frederick Massingbird; or he who bore so strange a resemblance to him. And where was he to be looked for? To track the hiding-place of a "ghost" is not an easy matter; and Lionel had no clue where to find the track of this one. If staying in the village, he must be concealed in some house; lying *perdu* by day. It was very strange that it should be so; that he should not openly show himself.

There was another way by which perhaps the doubt might be solved—as it suddenly occurred to Lionel. And that was through Captain Cannonby. If this gentleman really was with Frederick Massingbird when he died, and saw him buried, it was evident that it could not be Frederick come back to life. In that case, who or what it might be, Lionel did not stay to speculate: his business lay in ascertaining by the most direct means in his power, whether it was or was not Frederick Massingbird. How was it possible to do this, how could it be possible to set the question at rest?

By a very simple process, it may be answered—the waiting for time and chance.—Ay, but do you know what that waiting involves, in a case like this? Think of the state of mind that Lionel Verner must live under during the suspense!

He made no doubt that the man who had been under the tree on the lawn a few nights before, watching his window, whom they had set down as being Roy, was Frederick Massingbird. And yet it was scarcely believable. Where now was Lionel to look for him? He could not, for Sibylla's sake, make inquiries in the village in secret or openly: he could not go to the inhabitants and ask—have you seen Frederick Massingbird? or say to each individual, I must send a police officer to search your house, for I suspect Frederick Massingbird is somewhere concealed, and I want to find him. For her sake he could not so much as breathe the name, in connection with his being alive.

Given that it was Frederick Massingbird, what could possibly prevent his making himself known? As he dwelt upon this problem, trying to solve it, the idea taken up by Lucy Tempest—that the man under the tree was watching for an opportunity to harm him—came into his mind. *That*, surely, could not be the solution! If he had taken Frederick Massingbird's wife to be his wife, he had done it in all innocence. Lionel spurned the notion as a preposterous one: nevertheless, a remembrance crossed him of the old days when the popular belief at Verner's Pride had been, that the younger of the Massingbirds was of a remarkably secretive and also of a revengeful nature. But, all that, he barely glanced at: the terrible fear touching Sibylla absorbed him.

He was leaning against a tree in the covered walk near Verner's Pride, the walk which led to the willow pond, his head bared, his brow bent with the most unmistakeable signs of care, when something not unlike a small, white balloon came flying down the path.—A lady, with her silk dress turned over her shoulders, leaving only the white lining exposed to view. She was face to face with Lionel before she saw him.

"Lucy!" he exclaimed, in extreme surprise.

Lucy Tempest laughed, and let her dress drop into a more dignified position.

"I and Decima went to call on Mrs. Bitterworth," she explained, "and Decima is staying there. It began to rain as I came out, so I turned into the back walk and put my dress up to save it. Am I not economical, Mr. Verner?"

She spoke quickly. Lionel thought it was done with a view to hide her agitation.

"You cannot go home through this rain, Lucy. Let me take you indoors: we are close at home."

"No, thank you," said Lucy, hastily, "I must return to Lady Verner. She will not be pleased at Decima's staying out, therefore I must return. Poor Mrs. Bitterworth has had an attack of—what did they call it?—spasmodical croup, I think. She is better now, and begged Decima to stay with her the rest of the day: Mr. Bitterworth and the rest of them are out. Jan says it is highly dangerous for the time it lasts."

"She has had something of the same sort before, I remember," observed Lionel. "I wish you would come in, Lucy. If you must go home, I will send you in the carriage:—but I think you might stay and dine with us."

A soft color mantled in Lucy's cheeks. She had never made herself a familiar acquaintance at Lionel Verner's. He had observed it, if no one else had. Sibylla had once said to her that she hoped they should be great friends, that Verner's Pride would see a great deal of her. Lucy had never responded to the wish. A formal visit with Decima or Lady Verner when she could not help herself; but alone, in a social manner, she had never put her foot over the threshold of Verner's Pride.

"You are very kind. I must go home at once. The rain will not hurt me."

Lionel, self-conscious, did not urge it further.

"Will you remain here, then, under the trees, while I go home and get an umbrella?"

"Oh, dear, no, I don't want an umbrella; thank you all the same. I have my parasol, you see."

She took her dress up again as she spoke, not high, as it was previously, but turning it a little.

"Lady Verner scolds me so if I spoil my things," she said, in a tone of laughing apology. "She buys me very good ones, and orders me to take care of them. Good-bye, Mr. Verner."

Lionel took the hand in his which she held out. But he turned with her, and then loosed it again.

"You are not coming with me, Mr. Verner?"

"I shall see you home."

"But—I had rather you did not. I prefer—not to trouble you."

"Pardon me, Lucy. I cannot suffer you to go alone."

It was a calm reply, quietly spoken. There were no fine phrases of its being "no trouble," that the "trouble was a pleasure," as others might indulge in. Fine phrases from them! from the one to the other! Neither could have spoken them.

Lucy said no more, and they walked on side by side in silence. Both unpleasantly self-conscious. Lionel's face had resumed its strange expression of care. Lucy had observed it when she came up to him; she observed it still.

"You look as if you had some great trouble upon you, Mr. Verner," she said, after a while.

"Then I look what is the truth. I have one, Lucy."

"A heavy one?" asked Lucy, struck with his tone.

"A grievously heavy one. One that does not often fall to the lot of man."

"May I know it?" she timidly said.

"No, Lucy. If I could speak it, it would only give you pain; but it is of a private nature. Possibly it may be averted; it is at present a suspected dread, not a confirmed one. Should it become confirmed, you will learn it in common with all the world."

She looked up at him puzzled; sympathy in her mantling blush, in her soft dark, earnest eyes. He could not avoid contrasting that truthful face with another's frivolous one: and I can't help it if you blame him.—He did his best to shake off the feeling, and looked down at her with a careless smile.

"Don't let it give you concern, Lucy. My troubles must rest upon my own head."

"Have you seen any more of that man who was watching? Roy."

"No. But I don't believe now that it was Roy. He strongly denies it, and I have had my suspicions diverted to another quarter."

"To one who may be equally wishing to do you harm?"

"I cannot say. If it be the party I—I suspect, he may deem that I have done him harm."

"You!" echoed Lucy. "And have you?"

"Yes. Unwittingly. It seems to be my fate, I think, to work harm upon—upon those whom I would especially shield from it."

Did he allude to her? Lucy thought so, and the flush on her cheeks deepened. At that moment the rain began to pour down heavily. They were then passing the thicket of trees where those adventurous ghost hunters had taken up their watch a few nights previously, in view of the willow-pond. Lucy stepped underneath their branches.

"Now," said Lionel, "should you have done well to accept my offer of Verner's Pride as a shelter, or not?"

"It may only be a passing storm," observed Lucy. "The rain then was nothing."

Lionel took her parasol and shook the wet off it. He began to wonder how Lucy would get home. No carriage could be got to that spot, and the rain, coming down now, was not, in his opinion, a passing storm.

"Will you promise to remain here, Lucy, while I get an umbrella?" he presently asked.

"Why! where could you get an umbrella from?"

"From Hook's, if they possess such a thing. If not, I can get one from Broom's."

"But you would get so wet going for it."

Lionel laughed as he went off.

"I don't wear a silk dress; to be scolded for it, if it gets spoiled."

Not ten steps had he taken, however, when who should come striding through an opening in the trees, but Jan. Jan was on his way from Hook's cottage, a huge brown cotton umbrella over his head, more useful than elegant.

"What, is that you, Miss Lucy! Well, I should as soon have thought of seeing Mrs. Peckaby's white donkey!"

"I am weather-bound, Jan," said Lucy. "Mr. Verner was about to get me an umbrella."

"To see if I could get one," corrected Lionel. "I question if the Hooks possess such a commodity."

"Not they," cried Jan. "The girl's rather better," added he, unceremoniously. "She may get through it now: at least there's a shade of a chance. You can have my umbrella, Miss Lucy."

"Won't you let me go with you, Jan?" she asked.

"Oh, I can't stop to take you to Deerham Court," was Jan's answer, given with his accustomed plainness. "Here, Lionel."

He handed over the umbrella, and was walking off.

"Jan, Jan, you will get wet," said Lucy.

It amused Jan.

"A wetting more or less is nothing to me," he called out, striding on.

"Will you stay under shelter a few minutes yet, and see whether it abates?" asked Lionel.

Lucy looked up at the skies, stretching her head beyond the trees to do so.

"Do you think it will abate?" she rejoined.

"Honestly to confess it, I think it will get worse," said Lionel. "Lucy, you have thin shoes on! I did not see that until now."

"Don't you tell Lady Verner," replied Lucy, with the pretty dependent manner which she had brought from school with her, and which she probably would never lose. She would scold me for walking out in them."

Lionel smiled, and held the great umbrella—large enough for a carriage—close to the trees, that it might shelter her as she came forth.

"Take my arm, Lucy."

She hesitated for a single moment—a hesitation so temporary that any other than Lionel could not have observed it, and then took his arm. And again they walked on in silence. In passing down Clay Lane—the way Lionel took—Mrs. Peckaby was standing at her door.

"On the look out for the white donkey, Mrs. Peckaby?" asked Lionel.

The husband, inside, heard the words and flew into a tantrum.

"She's never on the look out for nothing else, sir: asking pardon for saying it to you."

Mrs. Peckaby clasped her hands together.

"It'll come!" she murmured. "Sometimes, sir, when my patience is well nigh exhausted, I has a vision of the New Jerusalem in the night, and is revived. It'll come, sir, the quadruple 'll come!"

"I wonder," laughed Lucy, as they walked on, "whether she will go on to the end of her life expecting it?"

"If her husband will allow her," answered Lionel. "But by what I have heard since I came home, his patience is—as she says by her own with reference to the white 'quadruple'—well nigh exhausted."

"He told Decima the other day that he was sick of the theme and of her folly, and he wished the New Jerusalem had her and the white donkey together. Here we are!" added Lucy, as they came in front of Deerham Court. "Lionel please, let me go in the back way—Jan's way. And then Lady Verner will not see me. She will say I ought not to have come through the rain."

"She'll see the shoes and the silk dress, and she'll say you should have stopped at Verner's Pride, as a well-trained young lady ought," returned Lionel.

He took her safely to the back door, opened it, and sent her in.

"Thank you very much," said she, holding out her hand to him. "I have given you a disagreeable walk, and now I must give you one back again."

"Change your shoes at once, and don't talk foolish things," was Lionel's answer.

A wet walk back he certainly had; but, wet or dry, it was all the same in his present distressed frame of mind. Arrived at Verner's Pride, he found his wife dressed for dinner, and the centre of a host of guests, gay as she was. No opportunity, then, to question her about Frederick Massingbird's death, and how far Captain Cannonby was cognizant of the particulars.

He had to change his own things. It was barely done by dinner time, and he sat down to table, the host of many guests. His brow was smooth, his speech was courtly: how could any of them suspect that a terrible dread was gnawing at his heart? Sibylla, in a rustling silk dress and a coronet of diamonds, sat opposite to him in all her dazzling beauty. Had she suspected what might be in store for her, those smiles would not have chased each other so incessantly on her lips.

Sibylla went up to bed early. She was full of caprices as a wayward child. Of a remarkably chilly nature—as is the case sometimes where the constitution is delicate—she would have fire in her dressing-room night and morning all the year round, even in the heat of summer. It pleased her this evening to desert her guests suddenly: she had the headache, she said.

The weather on this day appeared to be as capricious as Sibylla, as strangely curious as the great fear which had fallen upon Lionel. The fine morning had changed to the rainy, misty, chilly afternoon; the afternoon to a clear, bright evening; and that evening had now become overcast with portentous clouds.

Without much warning, the storm burst forth: peals of thunder reverberated through the air, flashes of forked lightning played in the sky. Lionel hastened up-stairs: he remembered how these storms terrified his wife.

She had knelt down to bury her head amidst the soft cushions of a chair when Lionel entered her dressing-room. "Sibylla," he said.

Up she started at the sound of his voice, and flew to him. There lay her protection; and in spite of her ill-temper and her love of aggravation, she felt and recognized it. Lionel held her in his sheltering arms, bending her head down upon his breast and drawing his coat over it, so that she might see no ray of light; as she had been wont to do in former storms. As a timid child was she at these times; humble, loving, gentle; she felt as if she were on the threshold of the next world, that the next moment might be her last. Others have been known to experience the same dread in a thunder storm; and, to be thus brought, as it were, face to face with death, takes the spirit out of people.

He stood patiently, holding her. Every time the thunder burst above their heads, he could feel her heart beat against his. One of her arms was round him; the other he held; all wet it was with the fear. He did not speak; he only clasped her closer every now and then, that she might be reminded of her shelter.

Twenty minutes, or so, and the violence of the storm abated. The lightning grew less frequent, the thunder distant and more distant. At length the sound wholly ceased, and the lightning subsided into that harmless sheet lightning which is so beautiful to look at in the far-off horizon.

"It is over," he whispered.

She lifted her head from its resting-place. Her blue eye was bright with excitement, her delicate cheek crimson, her golden hair fell in a dishevelled mass around. Her gala robes had been removed with the diamond coronet, and the storm had surprised her writing a note in her dressing-gown. In spite of the sudden terror which overtook her, she did not forget to put the letter—so much as had been written of it—safely away. It was not expedient that her husband's eyes should fall upon it: Sibylla had many answers to write now to importunate creditors.

"Are you sure, Lionel?"

"Quite sure. Come and see how clear it is. You are not alarmed at the sheet lightning."

He put his arm round her, and led her to the window. As he said, the sky was clear again. Nearly all traces of the storm had passed away: there had been no rain with it; and, but for the remembrance of its sound in their ears, they might have believed that it had not taken place. The broad lands of Verner's Pride lay spreading out before them, the lawns and the terrace underneath: the sheet lightning illumined the heavens incessantly, rendering objects nearly as clear as in the day.

Lionel held her to his side, his arm round her. She trembled still; trembled excessively; her bosom heaved and fell beneath his hand.

"When I die, it will be in a thunder storm," she whispered.

"You foolish girl!" he said, his tone half a joking one, wholly tender. "What can have given you this excessive fear of thunder, Sibylla?"

"I was always frightened at a thunder storm. Deborah says mamma was. But I was not so *very* frightened until a storm I witnessed in Australia. It killed a man!" she added, shivering and nestling nearer to Lionel.

"Ah!"

"It was only a few days before Frederick left me, when he and Captain Cannonby went away together," she continued. "We had hired a carriage and had gone out of the town ever so far. There was something to be seen there; I forget what now; races perhaps. I know a good many people went; and an awful thunder storm came on. Some ran under the trees for shelter; some would not: and the lightning killed a man. Oh, Lionel, I shall never forget it! I saw him carried past; I saw his face! Since then I have felt ready to die myself, with the fear."

She turned her face and hid it upon his bosom. Lionel did not attempt to soothe the *fear;* he knew that for such fear time alone is the only cure. He whispered words of soothing to *her;* he stroked fondly her golden hair. In these moments when she was gentle, yielding, clinging to him for protection, three parts of his old love for her would come back again. The lamp, which had been turned on to its full blaze of light, was behind them, so that they might have been visible enough to anybody standing in the nearer portion of the grounds.

"Captain Cannonby went away with Frederick Massingbird," observed Lionel, approaching by degrees to the questions he wished to ask. "Did they start together?"

"Yes. Don't talk about it, Lionel."

"My dear wife, I must talk about it," he gravely answered. "You have always put me off in this manner, so that I know little or nothing of the circumstances. I have a reason for wishing to become cognisant of those past particulars. Surely," he added, a shade of deeper feeling in his tone, "at this distance of time it cannot be so very painful to your feelings to speak of Frederick Massingbird. *I* am by your side."

"What is the reason that you wish to know?"

"A little matter that regarded him and Cannonby. Was Cannonby with him when he died?"

Sibylla, subdued still, yielded to the wish, as she would probably have yielded at no other time.

"Of course he was with him. They were but a day's journey from Melbourne. I forget the name of the place: a sort of small village or settlement, I believe, where the people halted that were going to or returning from the diggings. Frederick was taken worse as they got there, and in a few hours he died."

"Cannonby remaining with him?"

"Yes. I am sure I have told you this before, Lionel. I told it to you on the night of my return."

He was aware she had. He could only say, "But I wish to press you upon the points; to ascertain beyond doubt that Frederick Massingbird did really die; that he is not living. Did Cannonby stay until he was buried?"

"Yes."

"You are sure of this?"

Sibylla looked at him curiously. She could not think why he was recalling this; why want to know it.

"I am sure of it only so far as that Captain Cannonby told me so," replied Sibylla.

The reservation struck upon him with a chill: it seemed to be a confirmation of his worst fears. Sibylla continued, for he did not speak:

"Of course he stayed with him until he was buried. When Captain Cannonby came back to me at Melbourne, he said he had waited to lay him in the ground. Why should he have said it, if he did not?"

"True," murmured Lionel.

"He said the burial service had been read over him. I remember that well. I reproached Captain Cannonby with not having come back to me immediately, or sent for me, that I might at least have seen him dead, if not alive. He excused himself by saying that he did not think I should like to see him: and he had waited to bury him before returning."

Lionel fell into a reverie. If this, that Captain Cannonby had stated, was correct, there was no doubt that Frederick Massingbird was safely dead and buried. But he could not be sure that it was correct: he may not have relished waiting to see a dead man buried: although he had affirmed so much to Sibylla. A thousand pounds would Lionel have given out of his pocket at that moment, for one minute's interview with Captain Cannonby.

"Lionel!"

The call came from Sibylla with sudden intensity, half startling him. She had got one of her fingers pointed to the lawn.

"Who's that—peeping forth from underneath the yew tree?"

The same place, the same tree which had been pointed to by Lucy Tempest! An impulse, for which Lionel could not have accounted, caused him to turn round and put out the lamp.

"Who can it be?" wondered Sibylla. "He appears to be watching us. How foolish of any of them to go out! *I* should not feel safe under a tree, although that lightning is only sheet lightning."

Every perceptive faculty that Lionel Verner possessed was strained upon the spot. He could make out a tall man; a man whose figure bore—unless his eyes and his imagination combined to deceive him—a strong resemblance to Frederick Massingbird's. Had it come to it? Were he and his rival face to face; was she, by his own side now, about to be bandied between them?—belonging save by the priority of the first marriage ceremony, no more to one than to the other? A stifled cry, suppressed instantly, escaped his lips; his pulses stood still, and then throbbed on with painful violence.

"Can you discern him, Lionel?" she asked. "He is going away—going back amidst the trees. Perhaps because he can't see us any longer, now you have put the light out. Who is it? Why should he have stood there, watching us?"

Lionel snatched her to him with an impulsive gesture. He would have sacrificed his life willingly to save Sibylla from the terrible misfortune that appeared to be falling upon her.

CHAPTER XLII.

A CASUAL MEETING ON THE RIVER.

A merry breakfast table. Sibylla, for a wonder, up, and present at it. The rain of the preceding day, the storm of the night had entirely passed away, and as fine a morning as could be wished was smiling on the earth.

"Which of you went out before the storm was over, and ventured under the great yew tree?"

It was Mrs. Verner who spoke. She looked at the different gentlemen present, and they looked at her. They did not know what she meant.

"You *were* under it, one of you," persisted Sibylla.

All, save one, protested that they had neither been out nor under the tree. That one—it happened to be Mr. Gordon, of whom casual mention has been made—confessed to having been on the lawn, so far as crossing it went; but he did not go near the tree.

"I went out with my cigar," he observed, "and had strolled some distance from the house when the storm came on. I stood in the middle of a field and watched it. It was grandly beautiful."

"I wonder you were not brought home dead!" ejaculated Sibylla.

Mr. Gordon laughed.

"If you once witnessed the thunder storms that we get in the tropics, Mrs. Verner, you would not associate these with danger."

"I have seen dreadful thunder storms, apart from what we get here, as well as you, Mr. Gordon," returned Sibylla. "Perhaps you will deny that anybody's ever killed by them in this country. But why did you halt underneath the yew tree?"

"I did not," he repeated. "I crossed the lawn, straight on to the upper end of the terrace. I did not go near the tree."

"Some one did, if you did not. They were staring right up at my dressing-room window. I was standing at it with Mr. Verner."

Mr. Gordon shook his head.

"Not guilty, so far as I am concerned, Mrs. Verner. I met some man, when I was coming home, plunging into the thicket of trees as I emerged from them. It was he, possibly."

"What man?" questioned Sibylla.

"I did not know him. He was a stranger. A tall, dark man with stooping shoulders, and something black upon his cheek."

"Something black upon his cheek!" repeated Sibylla, thinking the words bore an odd sound.

"A large, black mark it looked like. His cheek was white—sallow would be the better term—and he wore no whiskers, so it was a conspicuous looking brand. In the moment he passed me, the lightning rendered the atmosphere as light as—"

"Sibylla!" almost shouted Lionel, "we are waiting for more tea in this quarter. Never mind Gordon."

They looked at him with surprise. He was leaning towards his wife; his face crimson, his tones agitated. Sibylla stared at him, and said if he called out like that, she would not get up another morning. Lionel replied, talking fast; and just then the letters were brought in. Altogether, the subject of the man with the mark upon his cheek dropped out of the discussion.

Breakfast over, Lionel put his arm within Mr. Gordon's and drew him outside upon the terrace. Not to question him upon the man he had seen; Lionel would have been glad that that encounter should pass out of Mr. Gordon's remembrance, as affording less chance of Sibylla's hearing of it again; but to get information on another topic. He had been rapidly making up his mind during the latter half of breakfast, and had come to a decision.

"Gordon, can you inform me where Captain Cannonby is to be found?"

"Can you inform me where the comet that visited us last year may be met with this?" returned Mr. Gordon. "I'd nearly as soon undertake to find out the locality of the one as of the other. Cannonby did go to Paris; but where he may be now, is quite another affair."

"Was he going there for any length of stay?"

"I fancy not. Most likely he is back in London by this time. Had he told me he was coming back, I should have paid no attention to it. 'He never knows his own mind two hours together.'"

"I particularly wish to see him," observed Lionel. "Can you give me any address where he may be found in London?—if he has returned?"

"Yes. His brother's in Westminster. I can give you the exact number and address by referring to my note-book. When Cannonby's in London, he makes it his headquarters. If he is away, his brother may know where he is."

"His brother may be out of town also. Few men are in it at this season."

"If they can get out. But Dr. Cannonby can't. He is a physician, and must stop at his post, season or no season."

"I am going up to town to-day," remarked Lionel, "and—"

"You are! For long?"

"Back to-morrow, I hope; perhaps to-night. If you will give me the address, I'll copy it down."

Lionel wrote it down; but Mr. Gordon told him there was no necessity; any little ragged boy in the street could direct him to Dr. Cannonby's. Then he went to make his proposed journey known to Sibylla. She was standing near one of the terrace pillars, looking up at the sky, her eyes shaded with her hand. Lionel drew her inside an unoccupied room.

"Sibylla, a little matter of business is calling me to London," he said. "If I can catch the half-past ten train, I may be home again to-night, late."

"How sudden!" cried Sibylla. "Why didn't you tell me? What weather shall we have to-day, do you think?"

"Fine. But it is of little consequence to me whether it be fine or wet."

"Oh! I was not thinking of you," was the careless reply. "I want it to be fine for our archery."

"Good-bye," he said, stooping to kiss her. "Take care of yourself."

"Lionel, mind, I shall have the ponies," was her answer, given in a pouting, pretty, affected manner.

Lionel smiled, shook his head, took another kiss, and left her. Oh, if he could but shield her from the tribulation that too surely seemed to be ominously looming!

The lightest and fleetest carriage he possessed, had been made ready, and was waiting for him at the stables. He got in and drove off with his groom, saying farewell to none, and taking nothing with him but an overcoat. As he drove past Mrs. Duff's shop the remembrance of the bill came over him.

He had forwarded the money to her the previous night in his wife's name.

He caught the train; was too soon for it; it was five minutes behind time. If those who saw him depart could but have divined the errand he was bent on, what a commotion would have spread over Dearham! If the handsome lady, seated opposite to him, the only other passenger in that compartment, could but have read the cause which rendered him so self absorbed, so insensible to her attractions, she would have gazed at him with far more interest.

"Who is that gentleman?" she privately asked of the guard, when she got the opportunity.

"Mr. Verner, of Verner's Pride."

He sat back on his seat, heeding nothing. Had all the pretty women of the kingdom been ranged before him, on a row, they had been nothing to Mr. Verner then. Had Lucy Tempest been there, he had been equally regardless of her. If Frederick Massingbird were indeed in life, Verner's Pride was no longer his; but it was not of that he thought; it was of the calamity that would involve his wife. A calamity which to the refined, sensitive mind of Lionel Verner, was almost worse than death itself.

What would the journey bring forth for him? Should he succeed in seeing Captain Cannonby? He awaited the fiat with feverish heat; and wished the fast express engine would travel faster.

The terminus gained at last, a Hansom took him to Dr. Cannonby's. It was half-past two o'clock. He leaped out of the cab and rang, entering the hall when the door was opened.

"Can I see Dr. Cannonby?"

"The doctor's just gone out, sir. He will be home at five."

It was a sort of checkmate, and Lionel stood looking at the servant—as if the man could telegraph some impossible aerial message to his master to brigh him back then.

"Is Captain Cannonby staying here?" was his next question.

"No, sir. He was staying here, but he went away this morning."

"He is home from Paris then?"

"He came back two or three days ago, sir," replied the servant.

"Do you know where he is gone?"

"I don't, sir. I fancy it's somewhere in the country."

"Dr. Cannonby would know?"

"I dare say he would, sir. I should think so."

Lionel turned to the door. Where was the use of his lingering? He looked back to ask a question.

"You are sure that Captain Cannonby has gone out of town?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

He descended the steps, and the man closed the door upon him. Where should he go? What should he do with himself for the next two and a half mortal hours? Go to his club? Or to any of the old spots of his London life? Not he: some familiar faces might be in town; and he was in no mood for familiar faces then.

Sauntering hither, sauntering thither, he came to Westminster Bridge. One of the steamers was approaching the pier to take in passengers, on its way down the river. For want of some other mode in which to employ his time, Lionel went down to the embarking place, and stepped on board.

Does *any* thing in this world happen by chance? What secret unknown impulse could have sent Lionel Verner on board that steamer? Had Dr. Cannonby been at home he would not have gone near it: had he turned to the right hand instead of to the left, on leaving Dr. Cannonby's house, the boat would never have seen him.

It was not crowded, as those steamers sometimes are crowded, suggesting visions of the bottom of the river. The day was fine; warm for September, but not too hot; the gliding down the stream delightful. With a heart at ease, Lionel would have found it so: as it was, he could scarcely have told whether he was going down the stream or up, whether it was wet or dry. He could see but one thing—the image of Frederick Massingbird.

As the boat drew up to the temple pier, the only person waiting to embark was a woman; a little body in a brown faded silk dress. Whether, seeing his additional freight was to be so trifling, the manager of the steamer did not take the usual care to bring it alongside, certain it is, that in some way the woman fell in stepping on board; her knees on the boat, her feet hanging down to the water. Lionel, who was sitting near, sprang forward and pulled her out of danger.

"I declare I never ought to come aboard these nasty steamers!" she exclaimed, as he placed her in a seat. "I'm greatly obliged to you, sir: I might have gone in else; there's no saying. The last time I was aboard one I was in danger of being killed. I fell through the port-hole, sir."

"Indeed!" responded Lionel, who could not be so discourteous as not to answer. "Perhaps your sight is not good?"

"Well, yes it is, sir, as good as most folks' at middle age. I get timid aboard 'em, and it makes me confused and awkward, and I suppose I don't mind where I put my feet. This was in Liverpool, sir, a week or two ago. It was a passenger ship just in from Australia, and the bustle and confusion aboard was dreadful—they say it's mostly so with them vessels that are coming home. I had gone down to meet my husband, sir; he has been away four years—and it's a pity he ever went, for all the good he has done. But he's back safe himself, so I must not grumble."

"That's something," said Lionel.

"True, sir. It would have been a strange thing if I had lost my life just as he had come home. And I should, but for a gentleman on board. He seized hold of me by the middle, and somehow contrived to drag me up again. A strong man he must have been! I shall always remember him with gratitude, I'm sure: as I shall you, sir. His name, my husband told me after, was Massingbird."

All Lionel's inertness was gone at the sound of the name.

"Massingbird?" he repeated.

"Yes, sir. He had come home in the ship from the same port as my husband—Melbourne? Quite a gentleman, my husband said he was, with grand relations in England. He had not been out there over long—hardly as long as my husband, I fancy—and my husband don't think he has made much, any more than himself has."

Lionel had regained all his outward impassiveness. He stood by the talkative woman, his arms folded.

"What sort of a looking man was this Mr. Massingbird?" he asked. "I knew a gentleman once of that name, who went to Australia."

The woman glanced up at him, measuring his height.

"I should say he was as tall as you, sir, or close upon it, but he was broader made, and had got a stoop in the shoulders. He was dark; had dark eyes and hair, and a pale face. Not the clear paleness of your face, sir, but one of them sallow faces that get darker and yellower with travelling; never red."

Every word was as fresh testimony to the suspicion that it was Frederick Massingbird. "Had he a black mark upon his cheek?" inquired Lionel.

"Likely he might have had, sir, but I couldn't see his cheeks. He wore a sort of fur cap with the ears tied down. My husband saw a good bit of him on the voyage, though he was only a middle-deck passenger, and the gentleman was a cabin. His friends have had a surprise before this," she continued, after a pause. "He told my husband that they all supposed him dead; had thought he had been dead this two years and more, past; and he had never sent home to contradict it."

Then it *was* Frederick Massingbird! Lionel Verner quitted the woman's side, and leaned over the rail of the steamer, apparently watching the water. He could not, by any dint of reasoning or supposition, make out the mystery. How Frederick Massingbird could be alive; or, being alive, why he had not come home before to claim Sibylla—why he had not claimed her before she left Australia—why he did not claim her now he was come. A man without a wife might go roving where he would and as long as he would, letting his friends think him dead if it pleased him; but a man with a wife could not, in his sane senses, be supposed to act so. It was a strange thing, his meeting with this woman—a singular coincidence: one that he would hardly have believed, if related to him, as happening to another.

It was striking five when he again knocked at Dr. Cannonby's. He wished to see Captain Cannonby still; it would be the crowning confirmation: but he had no doubt whatever that that gentleman's report would be: "I saw Frederick Massingbird die—as I believed, and I quitted him immediately. I conclude that I must have been in error in supposing he was dead."

Dr. Cannonby had returned, the servant said. He desired Lionel to walk in, and threw open the door of the room. Seven or eight people were sitting in it waiting. The servant had evidently mistaken him for a patient, and placed him there to wait his turn with the rest. He took his card from his pocket, wrote on it a few words, and desired the servant to carry it to his master.

The man came back with an apology.

"I beg your pardon, sir. Will you step this way?"

The physician was bowing a lady out as he entered the room—a room lined with books, and containing casts of heads. He came forward to shake hands, a cordial-mannered man. He knew Lionel by reputation, but had never seen him.

"My visit was not to you, but to your brother," explained Lionel. "I was in hopes to have found him here."

"Then he and you have been playing at cross-purposes to-day," remarked the doctor, with a smile. "Lawrence started this morning for Verner's Pride."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Lionel. "Cross-purposes indeed!" he uttered to himself.

"He heard some news in Paris which concerned you, I believe, and hastened home to pay you a visit."

"Which concerned me!" repeated Lionel.

"Or rather Mrs. Massingbird—Mrs. Verner, I should say."

A sickly smile crossed Lionel's lips. Mrs. Massingbird! Was it already known?

"Why," he asked, "did you call her Mrs. Massingbird?"

"I beg your pardon for my inadvertence, Mr. Verner," was the reply of Dr. Cannonby. "Lawrence knew her as Mrs. Massingbird, and on his return from Australia he frequently spoke of her to me as Mrs. Massingbird, so that I got into the habit of thinking of her as such. It was not until he went to Paris that he heard she had exchanged the name for that of Verner."

A thought crossed Lionel that *this* was the news which had taken Captain Cannonby down to him. He might know of the existence of Frederick Massingbird, and had gone to break the news to him, Lionel; to tell him that his wife was not his wife.

"You do not know precisely what his business was with me?" he inquired, quite wistfully.

"No, I don't. I don't know that it was much beyond the pleasure of seeing you and Mrs. Verner."

Lionel rose.

"If I—"

"But you will stay and dine with me, Mr. Verner?"

"Thank you, I am going back at once. I wish to be home this evening if possible, and there's nothing to hinder it now."

"A letter or two has come for Lawrence this morning," observed the doctor as he shook hands. "Will you take charge of them for him?"

"With pleasure."

Dr. Cannonby turned to a letter rack over the mantelpiece, selected three letters from it, and handed them to Lionel.

Back again all the weary way. His strong suspicions were no longer suspicions now, but confirmed certainties. The night grew dark: it was not darker than the cloud which had fallen upon his spirit.

Thought was busy with his brain. How could it be otherwise? Should he get home to find the news public property? Had Captain Cannonby made it known to Sibylla? Most fervently did he hope not. Better that he, Lionel, should be by her side to help her to bear it when the dreadful news came out. Next came another thought. Suppose Frederick Massingbird should have discovered himself? should have gone to Verner's Pride to take possession?—*his* home now; his wife. Lionel might get back to find that he had no longer a place there.

Lionel found his carriage waiting at the station. He had ordered it to be so. Wigham was with it. A very coward now, he scarcely dared ask questions.

"Has Captain Cannonby arrived at the house to day, do you know, Wigham?"

"Who, sir?"

"A strange gentleman, from London; Captain Cannonby."

"I can't rightly say, sir. I have been about in the stables all day. I saw a strange gentleman cross the yard just at dinner-time, one I'd never seen afore. May-be it was him."

A feeling came over Lionel that he could not see Captain Cannonby before them all.—Better send for him to a private room, and get the communication over. What his after course would be was another matter. Yes: better in all ways.

"Drive round to the yard, Wigham," he said, as the coachman was about to turn on to the terrace. And Wigham obeyed.

He got out. He went in at the back door, almost as if he were slinking into the house stealthily, traversed the passages, and gained the lighted hall. At the very moment that he put his foot on its tesselated floor, a sudden commotion was heard up the stairs. A door was flung open, and Sibylla, with cheeks inflamed and breath panting, flew down, her convulsive cries echoing through the house. She saw Lionel, and threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, Lionel, what is this wicked story?" she sobbed. "It is not true! It cannot be true that I am your wife and—"

"Hush, my darling!" he whispered, placing his hand across her mouth. "We are not alone!"

They certainly were not! Out of the drawing-rooms, out of the dining room, had poured the guests; out of the kitchen came peeping the servants. Deborah West stood on the stairs like a statue, her hands clasped, and Mademoiselle Benoite frantically inquired what anybody had been doing to her mistress. All stared in amazement. She, in that terrible state of agitation; Lionel supporting her with his white and haughty face.

"It is nothing," he said, waving them off. "Mrs. Verner is not well. Come with me, Sibylla."

Waving them off still, he drew her into the study, closed the door, and bolted it. She clung to him like one in the extremity of terror, her throat heaving convulsively.

"Oh, Lionel! is it true that he is come back? That he did not die? What will become of me? Tell me that they have been deceiving me; that it is not true!"

He could not tell her so. He wound his arms tenderly round her and held her face to his breast, and laid his own down upon it.

"Strive for calmness," he murmured, his heart aching for her. "I will protect you so long as I shall have the power."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE ARMY OF THE OHIO.

A grand military review came off at Bowling Green, on Tuesday. Gen. Rosecrans reviewed all the troops then there, and was delighted with their appearance, pronouncing the Army of the Ohio the best drilled, equipped, and disciplined body of troops in America.

General Rosecrans pronounces the statements that General Buell's army was demoralized, false in every particular. There was nothing apparent but the strictest discipline.

All the troops in General Rosecrans' army have lately received new clothing, and they consequently look and feel well. Several paymasters are now with the troops, paying off all the back indebtedness of the Government of the men. The men have also received their tents and all their camp equipments, and are, in consequence, in the very best of spirits and enthusiastic for a fight. Whenever General Rosecrans appears among the men he is greeted with the most rapturous demonstrations of applause.

Lieutenant Johnson, of the Seventeenth Regiment Kentucky Union Volunteers, a brother of Adam R. Johnson, the rebel guerilla chief in Green river county, tendered his resignation to Major General Cook, alleging as a reason the publication by the President of his Emancipation Proclamation, when Gen. Cook ordered him to be arrested and sent to the military prison in irons.

After ten or fifteen days confinement, no charges having been preferred, Gen. Boyle released him, ordering him to rejoin his regiment. Johnson again tendered his resignation on the same grounds, when he was placed under arrest, dismissed the service in disgrace, and his insignia of office stripped from him in presence of the whole regiment.

General Rosecrans' orders on the subject were read at the head of the regiment, and Johnson was sent back of our lines to report to General Boyle, and directed not to re-enter our lines.

THE GAPS.—The gaps in the Blue Ridge, through which an army can pass—of which we hear so much—are seven in number, viz.: Vestall's, eight miles from Harper's Ferry; Snicker's, 24 miles from the Ferry, through which passes the Alexandria and Harper's Ferry Turnpike; Ashby's, 38 miles from Harper's Ferry, through which passes a branch pike from the Alexandria to Winchester. Fourteen miles below Ashby's is Manassas Gap, through which runs the railroad; eight miles below is Chester's Gap, a road, not much travelled, passes through it; 20 miles still further down is Thornton's Gap, through which the supplies for Lee's army were hauled in wagons from Gordonsville and Culpepper.

The Greatness of America as a Unit--

ENGLAND'S POLICY.

[The following article from the *Richmond Examiner (rebel)*, of November 8th, is one of the most significant we have seen lately from rebel sources:—]

The greatness of America is a recent revelation to Europe. *With the North and South confederated under one Government, the United States possessed a military power and an abundance of resources which her citizens, even in the excess of their self-complacency, never dreamed.* But few minds in Europe had any idea of the power of the young giant of the Western World. One or two of their public men, as Cavour or Napoleon, might have apprehended, by the force of their genius, the military magnitude of America.—But it was generally a dim speculation in Europe. *Our boasts of military powers were frequently ridiculed by the English press and passed as transatlantic bluster.* But this war has shown that even these boasts fell far short of the reality. It has revealed to the world an enormous power that overshadowed whatever there is of military display in modern history, and has amazed the most arrogant nations of Europe.

Within eighteen months of this war, the North and South have raised armies larger than those of the first Napoleon; iron-clad fleets have been launched capable of destroying the combined navies of England and France; two millions of men have been put in the field; and yet the internal system of the industry of the country and the ordinary pursuits of peace have been but little interrupted, unless from the exceptional cause of the blockade of the Southern seacoast. *Had the North and South continued as one nation there could scarcely have been any limits to the achievements of their military power.* England could never have checked it. We could have overrun the Continent, taken Canada in the teeth of a combination of all the European Powers, and crushed England alone as an egg shell under the hammer.

The bloody and unhappy revolution which this war has made of enormous military resources has naturally given to Europe, and especially to England, an extraordinary interest in its continuation. Nothing could be more contrary to the wishes and policy of England than that the war should end in reuniting the North and South, and consolidating and renewing in rivalry to her a military power which is now wasted in internecine strife. That the Union never shall be restored is a foregone and settled conclusion with the British Government. It would not now hesitate for a moment to recognize the South, unless firmly persuaded of our ability and resolution to carry on the war, and unless it had another object to gain beside that of a permanent division in the nationality and power of her old rival. That object is the exhaustion of both North and South. England proposes to effect the continuation of this war, as far as possible, to the mutual ruin of the two nations engaged in it, by standing aside and trusting that, after vast expenditures of blood and waste of resources, the separation of the Union will be quite as surely accomplished by the self-devotion of the South as by the less profitable mode of foreign intervention. To the advantages she hopes to gain from this separation she desires to add those which she expects from loss and ruin to both North and South in a long war. Her present policy of neutrality with reference to the war is founded in the confidence that the South is able to achieve her independence, and that the prolongation of hostilities does not risk her subjugation.

In this unchristian and inhuman calculation England has rightly estimated the spirit and resolution of the South. We are prepared to win our independence with the great prices of blood and suffering that England has named. But we understand her in this matter. Behind her mask of conscience and pharisaical precision there lurks a hideous and devilish purpose.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Times' City article says: Lord Lyons took out full assurance that, while England will be eager, in concert with other nations to adopt any step to promote the permanent return of peace, she will, in the meanwhile, individually refuse to depart one hair's breadth from the course of non-interference.

The English journals contain further comments on the presence of Com. Wilkes' squadron before Bermuda.

The Times thinks the Unionists are justified in the rigorous prosecution of the right of search where contraband traffic is so brisk.

The Times is glad to see the Democrats in America making a show of possessing some force. It believes that their success will be most promising for the establishment of peace.

The British Consul at Charleston writes a letter to the Foreign Office on the cotton prospects. He estimates the whole stock in America, from careful inquiry, at about four million bales, including the present year's crop.

The Greek National Assembly was to meet in about a week. It was reported that they would tender the crown to Prince Alfred, of England. King Otho has arrived at Vienna.

Professor Cairnes had been lecturing at Dublin on the present American rebellion. He holds that the success of the North means, if not immediate emancipation, at least the immediate arrest and ultimate extinction of slavery, while the success of the South means the establishment of slavery on a broader and firmer basis.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland was present. Earl Carlisle was present, and moved a vote of thanks to the lecturer. He deeply deplored the civil war raging in America, and indorsed the neutrality of the British government.

The celebrated Debating Club of the Cambridge University, "The Union" had been engaged for two evenings in discussing the American question. The proposition (recognition of the rebel states) was negatived by a vote of one hundred and seventeen to thirty-three. It was noticed that the eldest son of Earl Russel spoke against the proposition.

Mr. Eentruck, member of Parliament, in a speech at a public banquet, had denounced American Democracy, and the northern states as its exponent.

The Globe says that the English Cabinet will probably give expression to its views, shortly, concerning the proceedings of the Alabama.

At a consultation at Spezzia touching the wound of Garibaldi, seventeen surgeons were present. An examination of the wound was made with the finger and probe, which caused much suffering to the patient, who bore it resolutely. The surgeons found it impossible to find the ball, but came to the opinion that it was still in the wound. A repetition of the examination will be requisite to establish the position of the projectile, and to allow of its extraction, if possible, without serious injury. The general state of Garibaldi's health is satisfactory, and it is believed that no important surgical operation will be required.

THE freeing of the slaves of the District of Columbia has made little or no change in their domestic condition. Most of them still remain with their former masters and mistresses, receiving wages, while very few can be induced to leave the district.

TRAIN AND THE "COGERS."

The English correspondent of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* says:—I send you the following letter, which was addressed to the "Society of Cogers," meeting in the delectable Snoe Lane. It speaks for itself, and I have no disposition to forestall the natural comments that will be made upon it by every reflective mind. I will only say, if its authenticity is questioned, that I have seen one of similar purport, in the author's own handwriting. This is published in the papers here, and reads thus:

"REVERE HOUSE, BOSTON, September 24th, 1862.—Dear Cogers:—I am knocking the bottom out of English aristocracy every time. To-day I have more power than any man in this empire. I speak to from four thousand and five thousand at a time, and take five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars for an hour's talk, some of which (as in England *all* went) goes to charity. I am smashing up the Abolition party here, and you see on my note paper my maxims. I am with you, as you know. There are two hundred in dress circle, two thousand in pit. I belong to the pit. England must have her revolution. The times are changing. The boys in the discussion halls will some day be a power. Think more of yourselves. Remember what I have said to you. Give regards to G——— and O'B——— and others. Tell them to keep my memory green. I am a Coger. Do you want Snoe Lane advertised all over the world? Then get up a splendid address from the Cogers, as being from the people of England to me, speaking of my qualities as a debater, of my charitable actions, of my Union fight, of my prophecies and my warnings. Let it be signed by the Cogers, and resolutions strong, and I will reply, publishing the correspondence. My name is in all mouths, thirty thousand photographs off, and bought by the dozen. When I pitch into England, remember I only speak the sentiments of ——, to whom give kind regards. I am too young to take Charles Sumner's place in the Senate, else I should be elected by acclamation. I look to my debating education in the discussion hall, as the most important feature of my public life. No members of Parliament can compete with the minds under your hospitable roof. Sincerely, G. F. TRAIN. I shall send you papers from week to week. Send the address care CURTIS GUILD, Esq., Boston—Shannon, via New York—Mr. WALTER, Cogers' Discussion Hall, Shoe Lane, Fleet street, London."

The "Cogers" could not stand this, and adopted the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That we, the members of the Cogers' Society, having read the letter of Mr. G. F. Train, dated Boston, September 26, 1862, cannot refrain from expressing our surprise and indignation at being invited to become accomplices to a double fraud—firstly, to assume to speak in the name of the English people, and, secondly, to give Mr. Train credit for qualities contrary to our own estimate of his character. That we further emphatically and implicitly disavow all participation in the views of Mr. Train with respect to the institutions of this country—institutions to which we are fervently and loyally attached, because they assure to our fellow-citizens of all classes an amount of freedom of thought, speech and action, combined with order and security for life and property, such as is possessed by no other people on the face of the earth."

By another resolution, Mr. Train was unanimously expelled from the Society, and were he ever to return to England, his voice will never be heard again in the Shoe Lane beer-shop.

A FEARFUL TRAGEDY IN AFRICA.

Captain Finlay, of the British ship Faith, reports the following story in a letter to a friend in Liverpool:—

"We had a fearful tragedy here last week; one of the natives killed what they call a 'creekman' (that is, a man who lives some eight or ten miles from Bonny, and who was at Bonny selling yams, as the creekman are farmers in a way.) The Bonny men wanted to kill this native, and at a meeting it was agreed they should kill him. But 'first catch your hare' is an old maxim. When the man heard that sentence of death was passed upon him, he shut himself up in his house, with all his slaves, wives and children, loaded all his guns, large and small, then dug a trench round and about, and filled it with small kegs of gunpowder, and set the chiefs at defiance.

"Things remained in this state for two or three days, nobody daring to venture near the house with hostile intentions. At last the chiefs offered two puncheons of oil to any one who would fire his house. A slave took the offer, fired the house to windward, and the sparks, falling upon the house of the besieged, soon set it on fire. When the murderer of the creekman saw this, he gathered all his slaves, wives and bairns within the trench, applied the match, and in a second more nothing was to be seen but the mangled bodies amid the ruins of their former home. There were thirty-five in number altogether. They lay exposed for three days, then were put into sacks and thrown into the river.

SINGULAR FACT.—In case the Speaker of the next House should be an Anti-Administration man, the result will be in accordance with the general rule, for it is a curious fact, that for thirty-eight years the last House of Representatives during each Administration has been controlled by political opponents of the President. This may be seen by the following:

Presidents.	Speakers.	
J. Q. Adams, W.	And. Stevenson, D.	1827
Andrew Jackson, D.	John Bell, W.	1835
Martin Van Buren, D.	R. M. T. Hunter, W.	1839
Harrison & Tyler, W.	J. W. Jones, D.	1843
J. K. Polk, D.	R. C. Winthrop, W.	1847
Taylor & Fillmore, W.	Linn Boyd, D.	1851
Franklin Pierce, D.	N. P. Banks, R.	1855
James Buchanan, D.	W. Pennington, R.	1859

REBEL IRON-CLADS.—The story about an alleged iron-clad which ran the blockade into Charleston harbor, is traceable here (Washington) to an event that occurred more than a month ago, and which was soon afterward published. The Flambeau's rifled guns made no impression upon the blockade runner, simply because none of the random shots struck her. The steamer ran by the Flambeau during a dark night. Other accounts say the vessel was struck, and afterwards went ashore and sunk.

Much of what is said about the rebels being reinforced with iron clads from Europe finds no confirmation at the Navy Department, which is not indifferent to obtaining facts on that subject.

GEN. WOOL.—In answer to the recent report of the Harper's Ferry Commission, Gen. Wool says, in a card:—

"*It is not true, that I placed 'this incapable* (Colonel Miles) *in command of Harper's Ferry.*' He was there in command when I assumed control of this Department, and had been ordered to establish his headquarters there, on the 29th of March, by Major-General McClellan, then General-in-Chief. On the 30th of April the Secretary of War sent the following order to Colonel Miles, at Harper's Ferry:—'You will please make daily reports of the state of your command to the Department.'"

☞ A dissipated brute—A horse-rake.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE Lafayette (Indiana) Courier says that a little girl near that city swallowed a brass thimble, in the early part of last month, and is now gradually sinking under the effects of the poisonous metal, and has been given up to die.

A LITTLE Hibernian girl in Northampton, a few days since, went into a grocery store and procured some article, in payment for which she produced postage stamps. The man of trade took the stamps, and while examining one of them more minutely than the rest, the little girl spoke up promptly and said—"That's good, for we've washed all the black off."

A WARNING to plagiarists is noticed in the German journals. Two authors in Prussia, convicted of having sold as original, a play which was merely a copy of one existing already, have been sentenced to two months' imprisonment and a fine of fifteen pounds each.

THE Paris Police has just discovered a complete laboratory, organized on a large scale, for the manufacture of forged bills on many of the principal mercantile houses of France, and, indeed, of all Europe.

MASSACHUSETTS has 37,000 more females than males, while California has 67,000 more males than females, and Illinois 92,000 more males than females. One person in 1,335 of our population is insane, one in 2,470 blind, one in 1,925 deaf and dumb; one in 1,700 idiotic. Ohio is the greatest wool-growing state, New York and Pennsylvania next. Michigan ranks fourth. New Jersey raises more potatoes than any other state by two to one.

ADVICES from Port Royal report that an expedition, consisting of three hundred men, had gone to the Charleston and Savannah Railroad and torn up its track for some distance.

THE rebel opinion of the late Gen. Lyon, is thus expressed in a volume entitled "The First Year of the War," written by the editor of the Richmond Examiner: "He was an able and dangerous man—a man of the times, who appreciated the force of audacity and quick decision in a revolutionary war. To military education and talent he united a rare energy and promptitude. No doubts or scruples unsettled his mind. A Connecticut Yankee, without a trace of chivalric feeling or personal sensibility—one of those who submit to insult with indifference, yet are brave on the field. He was this exception to the politics of the late regular army of the United States, that he was an unmitigated, undisguised, and fanatical abolitionist." [This last is probably a mistake—he was opposed to slavery, but by no means fanatically so.]

THE SOUTH NEARLY EXHAUSTED.—The Newbern Progress says that the rebel confederacy gained some 40,000 men by the Conscription act in North Carolina alone, and the examining physicians reported more than three-fourths of them as unfit for military duty.

GEN. ANDERSON has been assigned to the command of the troops and fortifications surrounding Covington and Newport.

IT is understood that the ringleaders only of the three hundred Indians, recently condemned to death by the court-martial in Minnesota, will be executed. The President has sent for more evidence in the case.

GEN. POPE has been sent for to testify in the case of Gen. Porter, and the trial will not go on until his arrival.

THE attempts heretofore made to obtain pure Sorghum seed have failed, and Commissioner Newton is now making arrangements to obtain a quantity from China, which is the only country, it is believed, where that seed is not more or less hybridized with broom corn seed.

WATER is now introduced into San Francisco through an aqueduct extending to Lake Honda, a distance of some thirty-two miles. Through this flume, which is sixteen by thirty inches in its dimensions, water flows at the rate of three millions of gallons a day.

THE Vicksburg Whig (rebel) says that an extensive abolition society has been discovered in Northern Texas, the objects of which are resistance to the rebel conscription law, &c., operating with the United States army.

AN officer, in a letter to his family, who reside at Black Rock, Conn., says:—"The coolest thing I ever yet heard of happened at the battle of Fair Oaks. Right in the hottest of the battle, two of the 2d's boys got at loggerheads with each other, threw down their muskets and fell to it at fisticuffs, had it out, picked up their arms and pitched into the rebels again. I have heard of a wheel within a wheel, but a battle within a battle is certainly something new."

THE Richmond Whig, of Nov. 10th, says: "Gen. Van Dorn takes upon himself the responsibility for the failure in his late battle of Corinth. He says it arose from neither the fault of his officers or men, but was his own misfortune."

THE N. Y. *Herald*'s story that Cassius M. Clay had sent a hostile message to a Mr. D. C. Birdsall of New York is a hoax.

THE scarcity of skilled labor is so great in Trenton, N. J., that men are taken and instructed in their business.

ENTIRELY satisfactory arrangements have been made by which all United States prisoners now in rebel hands, and all rebel prisoners in the hands of the United States authorities, will be exchanged. A number of exchanges have been effected which are recorded in our columns. 1,020 Union officers are exchanged by this arrangement, against 1,590 rebel officers. A balance of 6,000 privates is yet due to the United States.

GOV. MORTON ON THE WAR POLICY.—An Indianapolis dispatch says:—"Gov. Morton made a short speech to the 100th regiment just before leaving to-night, from the balcony of the Dates' House, in which he said that he had just returned from Washington, and was happy to announce that a different state of things now existed there. The Government is terribly in earnest, and the war is to be prosecuted with more vigor than heretofore; and he looked forward to a bright future and the triumphant success of our arms.

THE contractors who were furnishing the Government with paper for the Government Printing Office, threw up their contracts, and Superintendent Defrees, went to Boston and bought in open market a temporary supply; he was unable to make a contract for any length of time at any price.

THE Scientific American has raised its subscription price from two to three dollars. "Wilkes' Spirit of the Times" from three to four dollars.

GENERAL FREMONT, it is said, will be assigned to the command of the defence of the Capital. Generals Wadsworth and Heintzelman will both take the field in a very short time.

ARREST OF TWO OF GEN. MCCLELLAN'S STAFF OFFICERS.—Lieut. Col. A. P. Colburn and J. C. Duane, of the Engineer Corps, both belonging to the staff of Gen. McClellan, have been ordered to Washington under arrest. The charges against them are unknown.

Gen. McClellan was received with great enthusiasm at Trenton, and a serenade given in his honor.

☞ A FACT.—There is not a stream of trouble so deep and swift-running that we may not cross safely over it, if we have courage to steer and strength to pull.

Paper--Its Cost, and How it Affects Printing.

There is no subject which concerns newspaper and book publishers more than the cost of paper. The great increase in the cost—over thirty per cent—has set all the printers and publishers to discussing the question of a cheaper supply or a corresponding advance in the price of books and printed matter. Many of the newspapers have advanced their price. Some have endeavored to meet the difficulty by increasing the price of advertising, others reduced the size of their journals, but still the price of paper is upward, and where it will stop while the war continues cannot be easily foreseen. One journal discussing the subject says:

We have fifty million dollars' worth of paper manufactured in the United States annually. Printing paper is made from cotton and flax. Cotton in its raw or manufactured state—cotton waste or rags—is the chief article. We import two million dollars' worth of rags yearly, and thousands of men collect rags about the country, while cotton waste from the factories comes to us a large supply of material. Now whatever diminishes cotton, or raises its value, diminishes paper or raises its value. At present there is little cotton waste and fewer cotton rags than formerly: and the price of rags in those countries whence we import them must go up, since there is a scarcity of material for paper manufacturing in Europe as well as here. If the price advances sufficiently there will be less printing, since books will not pay; the size of newspapers will be diminished and the price raised, or they will stop. Very many of the papers that were printed at small profits, and depended on single sales, do not at the present cost of paper meet their expenses, and the larger their circulation the worse it is for the publishers. The cost of printing paper has not been so high before for many years, and this, with the prospect of its going much higher, the increased cost of ink and printing material, and the national tax, has for the present "done up" newspaper publishing. Thousands of papers that have managed to live are now losing concerns.

Paper for newspapers has averaged two or three cents a pound less in price than cotton. Paper has been selling from ten to eleven cents, when cotton was worth twelve or fourteen. Now cotton is worth sixty cents. But paper will not follow far after cotton, for when it reaches a certain point there is less consumption, and other materials are used. It can be made of many fibres as substitutes. Straw gives a good paper for common use; so does the inner bark of forest trees, and even the wood itself, and corn-husks will do the same. Mr. Morrill, in his "Chronology of Paper Making," enumerates 103 substances which have been experimented upon in various countries by paper makers. In the Smithsonian Institution there is a work on the manufacture of paper from other materials than rags, which is printed on more than sixty varieties of paper made from as many different materials. The works of the Marquis de Villette, published in London in 1780, in 24mo., are printed on paper made from marsh-mallow; and at the end are single leaves of paper manufactured at Bruges from twenty different species of plants, including the nettle, hops, moss, reed, and several kinds of trees and herbs.

If the cotton supply is short, we shall have to go back and take lessons from the older nations, barbarous and civilized, who used many vegetable products and knew nothing of rags in paper making. The Chinese have been making paper from reeds, bamboo, rushes, and the stalk of wild and tame grasses, for more than fourteen centuries. In fact, so many substances are employed in that empire that each province has a variety of paper peculiar to itself. The soft, velvety rice-paper on which the Chinese paintings of flowers, birds, insects, and club-footed female beauties are made, is produced from the stems of a hardy legimuous plant which grows abundantly on the marshy plains of Bengal and about the lakes of Calcutta. The Japanese use the inner bark of four or five species of trees, and make paper of all qualities, from the thinnest and finest to the heavier sorts which are used for clothing, and can hardly be told from silks or woollen stuffs.

AN INCIDENT IN THE CARS.

A correspondent relates the following incident which he witnessed in the cars:—"On one seat was a pale soldier, lean and weak, returning, as it proved, from service in Arkansas, to be nursed by his mother, near Pittsburg, whose only son he was. At Wellsville most of the passengers got out for refreshments. Some passengers carried food along, and ate it in the cars, but none offered any to the soldier, who, either too weak to walk or not having money to spare, sat still, silent and alone. As the train was about starting two middle-aged ladies came in, and opening a basket, began to eat a bountiful lunch. From their conversation they appeared to be from New England. They were richly dressed, and judging them to be aristocratic, the writer was not favorably impressed with them. After a little while one of them, casting her eye forward, saw the soldier. She stopped eating, and, whispering a moment to her companion, who nodded assent, she went forward and conversed pleasantly with the soldier, and returned for her basket, from which she supplied him liberally with the best it contained. After eating all he desired, she wrapped in a paper and gave him enough to last him home. After eating enough herself, she sat down by his side and talked pleasantly with him most of the way to Pittsburg. The writer conceived there were few dry eyes among those who saw what had passed. Was not that woman one of the true aristocracy? Whether the needed food or the kind manner and conversation of the lady was the most refreshing to the long-time hopeless patriot, or whether both were not equally so, we leave the reader to decide."

TAKING REFUGE IN A WELL.—On the second day of the battle of Corinth, Mrs. Wilson and her daughter, who resides in a cottage just behind battery Richardson, discovering that they were in about as hot a place as could be found, fled from their dwelling and dropped down into a thirty foot well, the storm of lead and iron wizzing harmlessly over them. But in the midst of the battle a horse, which fled frantically over the field, attempted to leap across the mouth of the well but struck the windlass and his hindquarters fell into the orifice. The poor women expected to be crushed. The horse struggled furiously with his fore feet, and the women waited their fate in horror. At last, however, the horse by desperate efforts extricated himself and they were saved.

GOV. BROWN'S (of Georgia) Annual Message was read in the Legislature, on Thursday. He refers principally to topics of state interest. In a special message he takes ground against the rebel conscript law, and submits the subject to the Legislature for action. He also recommends action on martial law, habeas corpus, and impressment of private property.

GENERAL HUNTER still delays his departure for the South, to complete some arrangements *here for iron clads.*

ONE of the statements concerning the immediate cause of Gen. McClellan's removal, is, that he refused, or rather, failed to comply with a positive programme of operations sent him by President Lincoln. Certain military men, who are said to have read a copy of this letter, say that it left Abraham Lincoln no alternative but to make the change which has been made.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour is firmer and rather more active; sales comprise 7000 bbls, mostly for export, at $6@6,50 for common and good superfine, the latter for Lancaster county; $6,75@7 for extras; $7,50@$7,75 for extra family, chiefly good Ohio, at the latter figures, and $8,25@8,75 for fancy brands, including about 2000 bbls, part City Mills, on terms kept private. For home use the sales have been to a fair extent within the same range of prices, and high grade fancies at $9@9,35 ₱ bbl, as to brand and quality. Rye Flour is scarce and firm, with further small receipts and sales at $5,50 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is but little inquired for and scarce at $3,50 for Pennsylvania, and $4 ₱ bbl for Brandywine. Buckwheat Meal comes in slowly and commands $3@3,25 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN comes in slowly, and for Wheat prices are unsettled, with sales of some 55,000 bus to note, chiefly for shipment, at 145@149c for good and prime Western and Pennsylvania reds, in store and afloat, leaving off at 147c afloat; 148@153c for good and choice Southern do, which is scarce, and from 160 to 175c for white, as in quality, the latter for choice Kentucky. Rye is scarce, and selling in a small way on arrival at 90@91c for Southern, and 95@98c for Pennsylvania. Corn is steady, with further sales of about 30,000 bus yellow at 74c for prime, in store and afloat; 70@73c for inferior and fair quality, and 72@75c for white. There is very little new Corn offering as yet, and some small lots have been disposed of at 60@65c, as to condition. Oats are firmer and more active, and about 25,000 bus sold at 40@44c for Southern, and 41@43c for Pennsylvania, as to quality. Of Barley, sales of 20,000 bus are reported, mostly to arrive, at 140@150c, the latter for prime, and 8/00 bus Barley Malt at 150c.

PROVISIONS—The stocks and receipts continue light, and the market inactive at about previous quotations, Mess Pork selling in a small way at $13@13½ and Mess Beef at $12@15 ₱ bbl, the latter for city packed. Bacon moves off slowly at 9@11c for plain and fancy Hams; 5½@6c for Shoulders, and 6½@7c for Sides, mostly to go South. Of Green Meats their is little or no stock here, and the sales limited at 4½@4¾c for Shoulders in salt. Lard is scarce, and quoted at 10¼@10¾c for bbls and tierces, and 10¾@11c for kegs, and but little selling; country is worth 9@10c. Butter continues active, packed ranges at 18@25c, the latter for choice dairy, and roll at 30@32c. Cheese is scarce and firm at 10½@11¼c ₱ lb. Eggs bring @30c ₱ doz.

COTTON—Holders have realized an advance of 2@3c ₱ lb since the close of last week, and the sales are in a small way only, the stock being very much reduced at 58@61c, cash, the latter for good middlings.

ASHES are firm, and for Pots prices are better, with small sales of both kinds at the advance.

BARK has been less active, but prices are steady, with sales of 70 hhds at $36½@37 ₱ ton for 1st No 1, mostly at the latter rate, at which figure it is firmly held. Of Tanners' Bark the receipts and sales are also moderate and prices the same.

BEESWAX continues scarce and high, and good Yellow is quoted at 40@42c ₱ lb, buyers generally offering the former rate.

COAL—There is an active demand for Anthracite, both for shipment and home use, and prices tend upward. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ₱ ton, $5,50@5,75; Prepared do $5,50@5,75; Red Ash do $5,50; Lehigh Lump do $5,75@6; Prepared do $5,75@6; by retail do $6,75@7; Schuylkill Prepared do, $6,25@6,50.

COFFEE is firmer and on the advance, with a very reduced stock to operate in, and light receipts of all kinds. Sales comprise some 1800 bags, part from second hands, at 29@31c for Rio, 29@32c for Laguayra, and 27@30c for Tringe, cash and 4 months.

COPPER is unchanged, with about the usual business doing in Yellow Metal at 27c, 6 months.

FEATHERS are scarce and high, with small sales of good Western at 43@45c ₱ lb.

FRUIT is plenty and dull, green Apples selling at $1¼@2¼, and Cranberries at $8@10 ₱ bbl. Dried Apples are arriving more freely, prices range at 3¾@4¼c, and Peaches at 4½@7½c ₱ lb for unpared, as in quality.

HAY is firm, with sales at 60@85c the 100 lbs, as in quality.

HEMP—There is little or no stock here out of the hands of the manufacturers, and prices are firm at the advance.

HOPS move off as wanted, and command full prices, ranging at 20@25c—the latter for 1st sort, which are scarce.

IRON—The market for Pig metal is firm but quiet at the advance. The only transactions we hear of are 2000@3000 tons Anthracite No 1, mostly at $30@31, usual terms, and a few small lots at $30@32 for the three numbers, on time. In manufactured Iron there is an active business doing at fully former rates.

LEAD is firm at the advance, with sales of 3000 pigs Galena, part last week, at $8,25 the 100 lbs, cash.

LUMBER—There is a steady business doing in white and yellow Pine Boards at $14@16. Eastern Laths sell at $1,20@1,25 ₱ M.

MOLASSES—The stock is very much reduced, and the sales in a small way only at very full prices.

PLASTER is better, and selling on arrival at $3 ₱ ton.

RICE—The stock is light, and prices firm at 7¼@7¾c for Rangoon, and 9@9½c for Carolina.

SALTPETRE has advanced. Crude is selling at 15c, and refined at 17@30c, as in quality.

SEEDS—There is more demand for Clover-seed, and some 3500 bus found buyers at $5@6¼ ₱ bus, mostly at the latter rate, at which figure it is wanted for Prime; 400 bags recleaned sold on terms kept private. Timothy is quiet at $1¾@2 ₱ bus. Flaxseed continues scarce, and is held above the views of buyers, with small sales at $2,60@2,75 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are firm, and the sales limited. N. E. Rum continues steady at 53@55c. Whiskey is quiet, and a small business to note at 39@40c for bbls, the latter for Ohio, and drudge at 38c.

SUGARS are ¼@¼c better, and the market at the close is more active, with sales of about 1000 hhds to note, at 10@10¾c for Cuba; 11@11¾c for Porto Rico, and 10¾@12c for New Orleans, on the usual terms, including 227 hhds of the latter sold by auction, at 10¾@11¾c, cash.

TALLOW is quiet, city selling moderately at 11¼c and country at 10½@10¾c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO—There is a steady demand for both Leaf and Manufactured, without change in quotations, which are fully maintained and firm, and the stock on sale light.

WOOL is firmer and more active, the high views of holders checking business somewhat, and sales to the extent of 150,000 lbs are reported within the range of 65@70c for the low and medium grades; 70@78c for tub, and 80@85 for fine fleece, cash.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2327 head. The prices realized were from 6 to 8½ cts ₱ lb. 50 Cows brought from $18 to 30 ₱ head. 2000 Sheep were sold at 5 cents ₱ lb, gross. 890 Hogs brought from $6,00 to 6,50 ₱ cwt.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, November 15, 1862.

Alabama	60 dis.	Illinois	3 dis
Canada	20 prem	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	par	New Hampshire	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	4 dis.	New Jersey	par to 1 dis.
Florida	— dis.	N. Y. City	par
Georgia	80 dis.	New York State	1 dis.
Illinois	3 dis.	North Carolina	50 dis.
Indiana	1 to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	1 dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to 1 dis.
Kentucky	2 dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
Louisiana	40 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	80 dis.
Maryland	1 to 2 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	1 dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	1½ dis.	Virginia	65 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	2 dis.
Mississippi	—		

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GEORGE N. LEWIS, 29 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
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McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

PAPER AND SPECIE.—The merchants in Portland, Maine, have published a card of which they agree to receive silver coin in payment of goods at the following rates, (the prices of goods to remain unaffected by this policy), viz:—A purchase of 60 cents worth of goods will be paid for by a silver half-dollar; 30 cents worth by a silver quarter dollar; 12 cents worth by a dime; 6 cents worth by a half dime. They will pay out coin at the same rates.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. G. W. German, Mr. WILLIAM SIMONS, to Miss KATE W. HOFFNER, both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. S. W. Thomas, Mr. BENJ. F. WOODHOUSE, to Miss ELIZABETH MORGAN, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. J. Chambers, CHARLES F. SCHOOLMAN, to HELEN E. CONOVER.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. SPENCER SMITHERS, to Miss MARGARET H. EVANS, both of Bucks county, Pa.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. J. H. Lightbourn, Mr. WILLIAM J. CHANCE, to Miss KATE KRAMER, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. JAMES BUTTERWORTH, to Miss JULIA A. GENTRY, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. David Steele, Mr. ROBERT WHITE, to MARY A. WILSON, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Nich. Gehr, Mr. W. G. ROWAND, to Miss JOSEPHINE R. BOWMAN, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th instant, AUGUSTUS W. BOEHM, in his 49th year.

On the 12th instant, DEBORAH P. wife of Elton B. Gifford.

On the 11th instant, CHARLES OAKFORD, Sr. in his 56th year.

On the 11th instant, WILLIAM Y. PEDRICK, son of the late Capt. Saml. Pedrick, of Norfolk, Va.

On the 10th instant, RICHARD K. SHAW, in his 39th year.

On the 10th instant, Mr. CHARLES HUGHES, in his 55th year.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. ANNE COWDEN, in her 51st year.

On the 9th instant, BARBARA NICHOLSON, wife of the late Benj. W. Nicholson, aged 77 years.

On the 8th instant, MARTHA WASHINGTON, wife of John M. Miller, in her 45th year.

On the 8th instant, THOMAS FORSYTHE, in his 45th year.

On the 8th instant, Miss MARY CHAMP, in her 48th year.

On the 8th instant, ELIZABETH BILLGER, in her 77th year.

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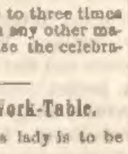

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No. 2 MACHINE, ORNAMENTAL BRONZE, with	
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Binder,	5,00
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FOR 1863!

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A GOOD STORY.

The Sommer, a journal published at Ems, Germany, relates the following amusing anecdote:—

"The Princess of Neuwied has a beautiful summer residence near Ems, where numerous guests are hospitably entertained during the season. Latterly, she had invited Major Paris, commandant of the town of Neuwied, to dinner, an honor which the Major had accepted; but finding himself on the appointed day unexpectedly prevented by his official duties, he wrote an excuse to the Princess, and entrusted the note to a *gendarme*, with instructions couched in the following terms:—

"'Take this letter to the Princess of Neuwied, and in returning bring me my dinner.'

"The Major, it must be understood, got his meals sent him from the Anchor Hotel. The *gendarme*, fully impressed with the importance of his mission, went to the palace and delivered the note to one of the Princess's attendants, who soon returned with a message to the effect that her Highness greatly regretted the Major's being unable to dine with her.

"'It is all right, then,' replied the *gendarme*, 'only the Major has ordered me to take him his dinner.'

"The attendant, whose intellect must have been as bright as that of the doughty messenger, returned to her mistress and repeated the message, word for word, in the most serious manner. The Princess, suspecting some droll misunderstanding, caused a large basket to be filled with dainties intended for her table, and entrusted it to the broad shoulders of the *gendarme*, who took it straight to his master. The Major needed not the wand of a magician to perceive that this feast did not come from the Anchor Hotel; so, questioning his ambassador, he learnt the whole truth. Unwilling to scold the man for his simplicity, he said nothing, but invited two or three brother officers to help him to demolish the good things before him, and then bid the *gendarme* go and fetch him a magnificent dessert cake which he had happened to see at a pastry-cook's. This cake, which cost five thalers, was immediately sent by the *gendarme* to the Princess, who bid her attendant give the bearer a thaler for his trouble. The man, on receiving the sum, begged pardon, but said he must have four thalers more, as the cake had cost five. The Princess, highly amused, ordered the sum to be paid; and the brave *gendarme*, returning to his master, and putting down the money, triumphantly exclaimed—

"'There, sir! the Princess wanted to give me only one thaler, but I was no fool, and made her pay me the whole!'

"So saying he stalked out of the room, with the conviction that he could not fail being promoted at the very first opportunity. The Princess related this little adventure to her guests with great glee, and it became the general talk of the town."

A PROVERB IN SEASON.—An indefatigable collector of rusty sayings, a friend of Motherwell, was in the habit of jotting down any saying new to him on the back of cards, letters, &c., and thrusting them into his pockets. On one occasion he had an altercation with a stranger at a friend's house. The quarrel becoming warm, ended by Motherwell's friend excitedly handing the other (as he thought) his card. On the gentleman's preparing to vindicate his honor next morning, it occurred to him to learn the name of his antagonist. On looking at the card he found no name, but, in place of it, traced in good legible characters, "Naething should be done in a hurry but catching fleas." The effect of this was irresistible, and the result an immediate reconciliation.—*Proverbs of Scotland.*

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.—Tradition has handed down a singular anecdote respecting William, second Earl of Caithness, of the Sinclair family. It is said that he and his father-in-law, Keith of Ackergill, quarreled on one occasion; and the Earl was one day, soon after, passing the tower of Ackergill on horseback, in pursuit of game, Keith discharged an arrow at him, and planted it in the back of his neck. His lordship immediately rode home to Girnigoe, and being asked by his lady what luck he had met with in the field, replied—"Not much; only your worthy father has sent you a New Year's gift, which you will find sticking in the back of my neck."

A YOUNG aspirant for fame, having a desire to see his name in print sent his verses to a paper for publication. In the "pome" the following line occurred:

"A fragrant rose found near the pendant corn."

The compositor in whose hands the manuscript was placed, was pretty well "set up," and evidently "set up" the line also, judging from the following, which greeted the astonished author the next morning:

"A vagrant's nose sounds like the pedlar's horn."

A SAILOR.—An Irishman was brought up before a magistrate for the East Riding on a charge of vagrancy, and was thus questioned:—

"What trade are you?"

"Sure, now, your honor, I'm a sailor."

"You in the seafaring line? I question whether you have ever been to sea in your life."

"Sure, now, and does your honor think I came over from Ireland in a waggin?"

"Commit him—commit him."

☞ The wild boar is one of the most dreadful animals in nature—except the *tame bore.*

AN ORIGINAL DUEL.

Old Colonel S——, of Wisconsin, was an old genius, a queer compound of comic seriousness. Replete with jokes, both original and selected, he was not slow in hatching them up and dealing them out in small doses on different occasions.

One evening at a party, a young gentleman upon whom the Colonel had told some cutting jokes, feeling himself insulted, challenged the Colonel to mortal combat.

The challenge was accepted.

Having the choice of weapons and the appointment of the place of meeting, the Colonel told the young man to repair, the following morning at 6 o'clock, to a certain spot, and added "that he would see that the weapons were there."

The following morning, at the indicated time, the young man repaired to the indicated spot, (said spot being among the lead mines, was naturally furrowed with mineral holes.)

"Well, youngster," said the Colonel, sticking his hands in his pockets and ejecting a superfluous quantity of tobacco juice from his capacious mouth, "are you ready?" Receiving an affirmative answer, he continued:

"Here's where we are to fight," indicating a mineral shaft near by, which was at least sixty feet deep, "and here are our weapons," pointing to a pile of rocks. "You're to go down that ar hole and throw rocks up, and I'm to stay up and throw rocks down."

It is needless to add that the challenge was withdrawn.

CLARA (tripping on to the parade tumbles up against that young man coming round the corner).—"Oh! I beg your pardon! I hope I haven't—"

SWELL.—"Haw, not at all—don't mention it; 'pon my word rather like it!"

Hints on Vases, Statues, &c., for Gardens

In works of art the vase itself is the principal thing. The base and pedestal are subordinate; they are simply the means of raising it from the ground, and supporting it where it can easily be seen. Hence, they should be of coarser material than the vase; coarser because they are designed to come in contact with the rough earth, because they are to serve as foundations, and because they will thereby set off to better advantage the costliness and delicate beauty and fine workmanship of the vase. And the same difference should appear between the statue, or other figure, and the pedestal on which it stands.

If, then, this principle is a correct one, it would seem that our manufacturers of iron, and terra-cotta vases, etc., err, on the score of propriety and taste, in sending out their wares painted all of one color from top to bottom. To our view, a perfect arrangement requires that the base, rising from three to six inches above ground, should be of granite or limestone, resting on a solid pier reaching below frost. The pedestal, if of iron, should be painted and sanded so as to represent some corresponding material, such, for instance, as red or brown sandstone, indicating, perhaps, a little refinement upon the rough base. Then, the vase itself should be of the purest white, to represent marble. We question the propriety of sanding the vase, at least unless it is quite a plain one, for the sand fills up the finely wrought lines, and defaces and blurs over what ought to stand out in clear relief. It also gives the vase a roughness inconsistent with the idea of polished marble. It is a debatable point whether a vase or other figure should be painted a dead white or with a gloss. The first gives a more marble-like look; the latter protects the iron best.

Many persons no sooner get a vase into their grounds, than they fill it with soil and set out plants in it. Small and very plain vases may be so used as flower-pots, but large and finely wrought specimens should be regarded rather as pieces of sculpture, and be kept inviolate and in the most scrupulous neatness. They are copies of great works of art, beautiful in form and symbolic device, interesting from classical associations, and so, worthy to be carefully preserved and contemplated for their own sake—not for the perishable flowers they happen to contain.—*American Agriculturist.*

JEALOUSY.

People may write volumes on jealousy, and volumes will still remain to be written. It is, next to remorse for guilt, the sharpest, sorest, most maddening torment that human nature can endure.

We may sit and gaze from the boxes at our Othellos and Biancas; we may laugh at the silly heart-burnings between Cousin Kate and Cousin Lucy in the ball-room, or the squabbles of Mary and Sally in the kitchen over the gardener's lad; but there the thing remains. A man cannot make love to two women, a woman cannot coquet with two men, without causing in a degree that horrible agony, cruel as death, which is at the root of half the tragedies, and the cause of half the crimes of this world.

The complaint comes in different forms; sometimes it is a case of slow poisoning, or of ordeal by red-hot irons, which, though not fatal, undermines the whole character, and burns ineffaceable scars into the soul. And people take it in various ways; some fiercely, stung by a sense of wounded self love; others haughtily;—

"Pride's a safe robe, I'll wear it: but no rags."

Others, again, humble, self-distrustful natures, whose only pride came through love, have nothing left them except rags. In a moment, all their thin robes of happiness are torn off; they stand shivering, naked, and helpless, before the blasts of the bitter world.—*Miss Muloch.*

☞ The monks of the middle ages, it is said, divided the kiss into fifteen distinct species, all of which were different. Which was regarded best is not laid down, this, we suppose, being left to the taste of the experimenter. The moderns are opposed to "dividing" kisses at all.

The First Paper Money of Europe.

The following account of the first issue of paper money in Europe is taken from Washington Irving's Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada:—

"After the city of Alhambra was taken from the Moors, the veteran Count de Tendilla was left Governor, and we are informed this cavalier was at one time destitute of gold and silver wherewith to pay the wages of his troops, and the soldiers murmured greatly, seeing that they had not the means of purchasing necessaries from the people of the town.

"In this dilemma what does this most sagacious commander? He takes him a number of little morsels of paper, upon which he inscribes various sums, large and small, according to the nature of the case, and signs them with his own hand and name. These did he give to the soldiery in earnest of their pay. How, you will say, are soldiers to be paid with scraps of paper? Even so, I answer, and well paid too, as I will presently make manifest; for the good count issued a proclamation ordering the inhabitants of Alhambra to take these morsels of paper for the full amount thereon inscribed, promising to redeem them at a future time with silver and gold, and threatening severe punishment to all who should refuse.

"The people having full confidence in his words, and trusting that he would be as willing to perform the one promise, as he was certainly able to perform the other, took those curious morsels of paper without hesitation or demur. Thus by a subtle and most mysterious kind of alchemy did this cavalier turn a useless paper into precious gold, and make his impoverished garrison abound in money. It is but just to add that the Count of Tendilla redeemed his promise like a loyal knight; and this miracle, as it appeared in the eyes of Antonio Agrepidea, is the first instance on record in Europe of paper money, which has since inundated the civilized world with unbounded opulence.

A BENEVOLENT MAN.—When the late Gabriel Ralston, of Richmond, Va., had become wealthy, a poor woman, wretchedly clad, with a child in her arms, came through a violent storm of sleet and rain, on a cold day in December, to his counting-room to beg. Among others present, was a sectarian, much prized in his day for godliness. Mr. Ralston did not wait for the woman to announce her errand, but divining it from her chilled and haggard appearance, stepped to his desk and handed her a ten dollar note. He was reproved as soon as the woman was gone, by the sectarian friend, who asked him if he knew whether the woman was worthy.—"Worthy!" exclaimed Mr. Ralston,—"worthy! good God! sir, didn't you see how thinly clad she was, and that she was drenched with rain!"

AN ANCIENT PEOPLE.—There is a remnant of a race of Indians in New Mexico who are entirely different from any other tribe on the continent, and are supposed to be descended from the Toltecs, who preceded the Aztecs. They are small, have a peculiar conformation of skull and face, are of peaceful habits, and live by agriculture. They weave cloth, build with tools made of stone, and build towns of stone and mortar with walls. They have now seven small towns; but the ruins of their ancient cities show that they were once inhabited by millions.

☞ "COWS OVER AGE."—The Common Council of Jackson, Mich., have just adopted the following resolution, and caused it to be printed for the protection of cows under age: "*Resolved*, That the pound-master be instructed not to receive into the public pound any cows that any person may drive to the same pound under the age of 21 years."

☞ OATS IN SCOTLAND.—Lord Elibank made a happy retort on Dr. Johnson's definition of oats: "A grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people." "Yes," said he, "and where else will you see *such horses* and *such men?*"

☞ The Austrian ladies have resolved to give crinoline a dead cut, and have intimated to the managers of the Vienna theatres that they will not patronize the houses where the actresses wear crinoline.

Agricultural.

Winter Covering of Strawberry Beds.

All experience shows that in gardens at the North, strawberries are benefitted by a little protection in Winter. The *alternations* of temperature do more harm than any amount of mere cold. In Maine, Canada, and Vermont, where the snow often lies from November until April, there is less need of artificial protection than in New York, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut, where the snow comes and goes continually. In dry, sandy soils, too, there is less harm from frost than in heavy, clayey land; in the latter, the plants are often thrown out and killed by the freezing and thawing of a single winter or open spring.

But what is the best material for such protection? The material with which nature covers her strawberry patches is leaves. And if one will use leaves, and then take the trouble to cover the leaves also, to keep the winds from blowing them away, nothing can be better. We have used them, covering them with old peabrush and the canes of last year's raspberries, etc.; but the winds of an open winter would blow them off from many a plant. We have used straw, but sometimes mice would burrow in it and nibble off the crown of the plants. Coarse littery manure does very well, but it brings in weeds, and so makes work for next summer. Sawdust answers a good purpose, but it often brings in grubs. Old tan-bark suits us about as well as anything. It is our practice to apply it late in the fall, covering the leaves about one inch, and then removing a part of it in the spring, leaving the rest for a mulch in summer. We have used it now for six years, and find no serious fault with it. It is a perfect protection in winter, harbors no vermin, brings in no weeds, but rather keeps them down. It is one of the best equalizers of temperature the year around, in summer saving the necessity of artificial watering. As to its affording the plants a specific manure (tartaric acid,) as some assert, it is unnecessary to express any opinion.—*American Agriculturist.*

KEEPING POTATOES.

I will hazard the assertion that freezing will not injure potatoes, or any other root or fruit; it is the thawing which does the damage, and not the freezing as is generally supposed. Nor will gradual thawing hurt them; it is only when the thawing is too sudden that they are injured. If we take two frozen potatoes, apples, or other fruit, and place one under the stove, and the other in water a little above the freezing point, we will find that the former will be spoiled, while the latter is not injured, because with it the thawing is done gradually. Potatoes may be heaped up in the patch and covered with two or three inches of dirt, well packed down, and they will keep in spite of a dozen freezings and thawings, if kept dry. If kept in the cellar, it should be in a tight box with a lid, that they may always be in the dark, to prevent sprouting; for if they once begin to sprout, the starch which gives them their mealiness is changed into other compounds, more favorable to the vegetation of the sprouts. If, while the potatoes are in the cellar, they should freeze, do not wait for them to thaw, but cover them with straw, old clothes, shavings, or sawdust, and let them thaw very gradually, and they will come out good. This will apply to turnips or any other root, as well as to apples and other fruits. The main item is to keep them dry, and if buried, to provide drains to carry away the water from the heap.—*Corres. of Germantown Telegraph.*

TO RELIEVE MUSCULAR PAIN IN HORSES.—The *Datura Stramonium*, or thorn apple plant, is a very excellent remedy, as an external application, for the treatment of muscular pain, ligamentary lameness, sprain of the fetlock, &c. It is a remedy of great efficacy in chronic pains and inflammatory tumors. Four ounces of the plant, to one pint of boiling water, are the proportions. When cool the parts are to be bathed often; when practicable a flannel is to be saturated with the fluid bound on the affected parts, the whole to be covered with oiled silk.—*Stock Journal.*

PACKING APPLES IN LEAVES.—A few years ago, Mr. J. W. Boynton, of East Hartford, while gathering up leaves under an apple tree, in the spring, observed beneath them a few fresh, unfrozen apples. It suggested at once that dry leaves would answer well as packing material for fruit, and the next fall, and every season since, he has used them for this purpose. We saw a few days ago some specimens thus preserved, seemingly as fresh and as piquant in flavor as when first gathered; yet he assured us they were varieties that would have decayed months ago if unprotected. His plan is to pick the apples carefully at the proper time, not to pack them until the forest leaves are perfectly dry and the weather quite cool. Then the apples and leaves are placed in alternate layers, and the last layer of leaves crowded in as close as possible by placing any convenient weight on the cover of the barrel. The leaves are of such elasticity that the whole may be compressed so tightly as to prevent all shucking, &c., and yet not bruise the apples in the slightest degree. In this latitude Mr. Boynton has never found it necessary to keep these barrels of fruit in any place warmer than an open shed. It would be advisable, of course, everywhere, to keep them in as cool a place as possible. In the spring they are to be removed to a cool, airy cellar, or to an apartment especially for fruit, in connection with the ice-houses.—*Homestead.*

THE HORSE'S FROG SHOULD RECEIVE PRESSURE.—Goodwin says, "It is an uncontrovertible fact, that unless the frog receives a certain degree of pressure, it will degenerate and become incapable of affording sufficient protection to the sensitive frog, which it covers; that the heels will gradually contract; that the bars alone are not sufficient to prevent the same, though *they* certainly oppose it with considerable force: but it does not follow from this that it is necessary for the pressure to be constant, nor is it believed that a shoe which allows the frog to bear on the ground, when the horse stands upon a plain hard surface, can be always applied even to sound feet, without inconvenience. There is no doubt that a horse in a state of nature has his frog almost always in contact with the ground, and then of course he feels no inconvenience from it; but when burthens are placed upon his back, and he is driven about on hard roads, he is certainly in very different circumstances, and if the frog in such cases was constantly exposed to this severe pressure, it would no doubt occasion lameness." Still, a certain amount of pressure is absolutely necessary, for unless that be the case, descent of sole, and disease of the laminæ is apt to occur.—*American Stock Journal.*

☞ A correspondent of the Rural Register, writes that journal, that Mr. John Barnes, of Baltimore, removed a troublesome stump from near his house in the following manner:—"Last fall, with an inch auger, he bored a hole in the centre of the stump ten inches deep, and into it put about half a pound of oil of vitriol, and corked the hole up tight. This spring, the whole stump and roots, extending through all their ramifications, were so rotten that they were easily eradicated."

Useful Receipts.

CHARCOAL.—Charcoal dust proves to be even a greater disinfectant and preservative than had been supposed. Rev. Dr. Osgood has exhibited to the editors of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican a cutlet taken from a ham which had been kept eight years completely imbedded in that preparation, and which seemed as sweet as if it had been cured only a single season.

OUR RECEIPT FOR CURING MEAT.—To one gallon of water, take 1½ pounds of salt, ½ pound of sugar, ½ ounce of saltpetre, ½ ounce of potash. In this ratio the pickle to be increased to any quantity desired. Let these be boiled together, until all the dirt from the sugar rises to the top and is skimmed off. Then throw it into a tub to cool, and when *cold*, pour it over your beef or pork, to remain the usual time, say four or five weeks. The meat must be well covered with pickle, and should not be put down for at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered saltpetre, which removes all the surface blood, &c., leaving the meat fresh and clean.

Some omit boiling the pickle, and find it to answer well; though the operation of boiling purifies the pickle by throwing off the dirt always to be found in salt and sugar.

If this receipt is properly tried, it will never be abandoned. There is none that surpasses it, if so good.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

TO BOIL POTATOES.—In Ireland, potatoes are boiled to perfection. The humblest peasant places his potatoes on the table better cooked than could half the cooks in America, trying their best. Potatoes should always be boiled in their "jackets." Peeling a potato before boiling is offering a premium for water to run through it, and making them waxy and unpalatable. They should be thoroughly washed, and put into cold water. In Ireland, they always nick a piece of the skin off before they place them in the pot; the water is gradually heated, but never allowed to boil; cold water should be added as soon as the water commences boiling, and it should thus be checked until the potatoes are done; the skins will not then be broken or cracked until the potato is thoroughly done; pour the water off completely, and then let the skins be thoroughly dry before peeling.

☞ Cheerfulness of temper arises half from personal goodness, half from a belief in the personal goodness of others.

☞ Prentice reminds Gen. Bishop Polk that a reverend divine shouldn't get drunk unless he can do so without swearing.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 5, 13, 18, 7, 22, 19, is a shade common in cities and towns.

My 6, 10, 11, 1, 3, belongs to the culinary department.

My 15, 4, 9, 14, 8, is a renowned American General.

My 14, 15, 16, was a Revolutionary hero.

My 15, 10, 21, 20, 2, is the name of an animal.

My 4, 10, 17, 3, 22, 8, is a term much used in law.

My whole is one of the most beautiful structures on the American continent. G. W. D.

Eckington Hospital, Washington, D. C.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 2, 9, 20, 1, 6, 3, 11, is a Pagan.

My 17, 20, 22, forms a part of the year.

My 16, 10, 20, is a fixed point of time.

My 4, 13, 5, 7, forms in chimneys.

My 4, 13, 6, 1, 8, is a point of the compass.

My 15, 20, 12, 7, 13, 19, is a substitute.

My 21, 13, 14, 11, 18, 12, 7, is to link together.

My whole is a traitorous scheme.

Albany. W. G. T.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 12 letters.

My 2, 3, is an interjection.

My 6, 10, 7, is a conjunction.

My 1, 8, 12, is a precious stone.

My 5, 8, 4, 12, is a small coin.

My 6, 7, 10, 9, is a preposition.

My 11, 2, 12, is a negative adverb.

My whole is the name of one of the bravest Generals in our army. G. M. TUCKER.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in went, but not in go.
My 2nd is in hit, but not in blow.
My third is in bonnet, but not in hat.
My 4th is in this, but not in that.
My 5th is in whole, but not in part.
My 6th is in wagon, but not in cart.
My 7th is in stood, but not in stand.
My 8th is in water, but not in land.
My 9th is in lie, but not in truth.
My 10th is in Ann, but not in Ruth.
My 11th is in great, but not in small.
My 12th is in short, but not in tall.
My 13th is in far, but not in near.
My 14th is in malt, but not in beer.
My 15th is in heart, but not in soul.
My 16th is in jug, but not in bowl.
My 17th is in wrong, but not in right.
My 18th is in star, but not in light.
My 19th is in good, but not in bad.
My 20th is in pleased, but not in mad.
My 21st is in new, but not in old.
My 22nd is in tell, but not in told.
My 23rd is in ram, but not in sheep.
My 24th is in wake but not in sleep.
My 25th is in love, but not in hate.
My 26th is in soon, but not in late.
My 27th is in weal, but not in woe.
My 28th is in plough, but not in sow.
My 29th is in song, but not in ditty.
My 30th is in town, but not in city.
My 31st is in cannon, but not in roar.

My whole is a tragedy of this war.

Cincinnati, O. Capt. L. B. CHESTER.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Many a man nicknamed my second uses my whole to get rid of my first. C. H.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Find a fraction such that if it be divided into *any two* parts whatever, and either of those parts be added to the square of the other the sums in both cases will be squares.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

MENSURATION QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have a curious 12-sided vessel, composed of 12 equal 5-sided 1 inch boards, compactly joined together with all their edges, which I call my Dodecædron. The said vessel I find, when full, to hold 7 gallons and 5¾ gills, wine measure.—Now I have wondered if any of the many mathematicians would tell me the lineal measure of each of the 12 sides of this my said Dodecædron?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When does a woman's tongue go quickest? Ans.—When 'tis on the roll.

☞ What quadrupeds are admitted to balls, operas and dinner parties? Ans.—White kids.

☞ Why is a crow a brave bird? Ans.—Because he never shows the white feather.

☞ What fort is too much stormed now-a-days? Ans.—The piano forte.

☞ What age is the most deceiving? Ans.—The sausage.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—"If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot!"—*General Dix.* REBUS.—Cognac Brandy. (Cab, Other, Gondola, Nightgown, Afraid, Cry.) CHARADE.—Ben-i-son.

Answer to E. Hagerty's PROBLEMS, published September 27th.—First—The water rises 1.81677 inches.

Second—The greater axis 5.0085 inches, the lesser axis 3.339 inches.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM, published November 1st.—Three circles.

Also answer to my PROBLEM, same date.—18.509 and 31.615.

Baltimore. E. HAGERTY.